

the word, he was out of sight in a moment.—Here then they were—exposed to almost inevitable death. Catharine looked at her companion, but she could not tell what were his emotions; his face was nearly hidden by the thick vapor that rolled up to the top of the bell. She began to feel a sense of suffocation, and she breathed ardently and painfully, as if every breath would be her last. Then the thought of all she left above, and in her own green, sunny home, came over her—and the terrible death she must die!—was too dreadful. She tried to speak, but she could not utter a word. Her companion at length broke silence.

"If he has got safely up, we shall very soon be relieved—if you can be calm."

Catharine was quieted by the resolute tone of her companion, and she found she could breathe and even speak.

"Is there any danger but he will get up? I ought he could not help rising—shall not we go the same way if we are not relieved soon?"

"I hope very much he will reach the surface safely—"

"And you fear—?"

"I fear—that he may hit against the vessel. or that reason, I would not expose you to such chance if it is possible to escape it. But you be very calm—you bear it nobly!"

The air was now almost exhausted. Catharine heard Mr Smith say. "I dare not wait longer, let me bind this handkerchief round your arm and fasten it to my own—and now hold your breath!"—he put one arm round her waist—the bell jarred.

"Thank God! we are rising!" exclaimed both sufferers at once, as a quick grating sound showed that the chain was removed, and the bell rose rapid to the surface. It was but a minute, and the cheer of the men above came to their ears:

"A Lady in the Bell! yea! cheerily!" sung the hoarse voices of the sailors, and no band of music ever approached the sounds, in more heavenly beauty. A moment more, and the fresh air the upper world rushed in. They were safe. The revulsion of feeling, was too much for the exhausted Catharine, and she fainted as she was lifted into the boat.

When she came to her senses, the first object she saw was the bell-man lying on the deck; his ad band with a handkerchief stained with blood;—and the next was her companion in danger and safety anxiously bending over her. A thousand thoughts rushed through her brain in an instant. But for him she must certainly have died.—She would have fainted, but for his courage—or she would have followed the bell-man in impatient fear of delay: his courage—his exposure had saved her life; and with a feeling of over-powering gratitude, she clasped his hands, and thanked him, as well as her gushing tears would let her.

"Do not thank me," he replied smiling, and as if he sympathized in her enthusiasm. "I could have done nothing, but for your own calmness and energy—and the efforts of this brave crew here."

"Yes," said Mr. Felton "we could not imagine if you did not come up—the men felt the sig-

nals, and had put on more purchase, but of course had no idea of the entanglement, when what should appear above water, but this glorious fellow—his head broke—blood pouring out and he ready to drop with exhaustion,—however he wouldn't faint, till he had got out 'Cable chain—over bell!' and then he sank away in an instant. Hadn't it been for that you were gone, I can tell you;—my dear, give Katesome of that wine. Well, Waddle, you've had a taste of the brine! I fancy you'll not be in a hurry to go again!"

"Mr. Smith!" was all that Catharine could utter.—He answered her look of astonishment.

"I believe your brother did not intend the demerment to happen quite so soon—however he must thank himself. And now, since it has happened, he will perhaps explain to me, as well as to you, why he wished me to drop my own name for the one I have so patiently borne. I have been quite passive under it, so far, but will now resume my lawful cognomen of Waddle."

As he spoke he drew himself up with so much dignity that Catharine did not laugh. Somehow or other, she did not feel at all in a laughing mood. And so—this man—the incognito of the gallery—the companion of her danger—the member from A—this man—who, with all his want of beauty, grace, manner,—any thing that she could have thought captivating,—had interested her more than any man she had ever seen;—this man, was Tagfoot Waddle!—What could be done? he never would change it again. Alas! she had no rich uncles, like old Bunting, to tempt him back to his old name!—Oh, if it were his old name!—or even Smith refined into Smythe—but Waddle! Tagfoot! what could be done! what could be done!

She looked up at Mr. Felton. He was smiling: so was Mrs. Felton; and with such mischievous and expressive smiles, that Catharine could only blush to the tips of her fingers, and fix her eyes on the green water. She envied the placid wave, which contrasted so strongly with her own tempest-torn mind. Once more she turned over in her thoughts the possibility of being 'Mrs. Tagfoot Waddle,' and this time she glanced at Mr. Tagfoot Waddle. He stood a little apart from the others, and an expression of gravity, almost of melancholy, rested on his peculiar features. It touched Catharine to the heart. How sad it must be, to bear such a name to bear it too alone! Probably he would never wish, would never dare to ask anybody to share it with him. She wondered if he ever would. She began to fear he would not. After all, 'what's in a name?' And Catharine was thinking how much 'experience' had done towards changing some of her opinions, when Mr. Felton spoke, and she started, for she thought her ears had deceived her. No: she had heard very plainly, as was evident from the response. Mr. Felton had said:

"Did you bring Mrs. Waddle with you to Boston?" And he had replied, that Mrs. Waddle's health was indifferent, and the care of her children detained her. Then there was a Mrs. Tagfoot Waddle! and a number of little Waddles!

### Extraordinary Murder.

A trial took place very recently in the Grand Duchy of Hesse Cassel, in Germany, which excited a very strong sensation throughout the whole continent. The history of the case is as follows:

Two young travellers, in the course of a tour which they were making, into one of the provinces of the above duchy, visited a Benedictine monastery which is situated on a very high mountain, and from the beauty of scenery, had been much frequented by tourists. In returning down from the convent, the stranger saw, lying under a beech tree, the dead body of a man, with a cord doubled round his neck, and they immediately ran back to the convent and gave information of the fact to the monks. The prior immediately dispatched a messenger to the proper officers, who lost no time in hastening to the spot. It is mentioned in the account that according to the custom in Germany, the legal officer was accompanied by two medical men. Upon an examination of the body, they found that it was that of a highly distinguished count, Count Uregg, who lived in the neighborhood, and whose ancient castle could be seen from the mountain where the monastery was situated. The question now was, how the count met his death, and, as the circumstances in which he was found justified the supposition that he lost his life by violent means, the officers insisted on immediate inquiry. An inquest was accordingly held, and the jury, who relied on the evidence of the medical witnesses, brought in a verdict to the effect that the deceased must have been murdered.

The history of the catastrophe was this: The Count Uregg lived in his castle, where his ancestors had resided before him, in splendor and comparative happiness. About the period when he had attained his fifteenth year, there came into the neighborhood to live a military gentleman and his family. The names of the stranger were General Eszor, and having the habits of a gentleman, he became acquainted with the count, and was hospitably received by him. An intimacy springing up between the count and Eszor's family, and the result was that the former offered his hand to Miss Eszor, then a beautiful girl. The count was so determined on the marriage, that he was ready to secure the young lady for his wife on any terms, and he agreed by a settlement, not only to provide an ample fund for his wife in case of his death, but to support the portion in his castle, or, if they disagreed, that he should give them an ample allowance for supporting them in a suitable manner. For some time the family lived very happily together, but about two years after the marriage, the villagers began to remark that a very rich landlord, who resided at short distance from the castle, and whose name was Antoine Osterfeld, came every Sunday to see M. Eszor.—The real truth was that Osterfeld paid clandestine attention to the Countess, and he was encouraged by the parents, and particularly Mrs. Eszor, in his immoral project. Such was the nature of the evidence obtained by the law officers in their early inquiries; and having ascertained thus much, they thought it essential at once to proceed to the case

and make inquiries. They examined the Countess.

At this period, it is proper to state, that the Count had left his castle some months before for a short time; that he had charged his wife with criminality, and imputed both to her father and mother a privy of her guilt; he moreover obtained a legal prohibition for preventing Osterfeld from visiting his residence. The matter of the Countess was examined, as were also her father and the servants, and the nature of the evidence was such as to authorize the officers to place those parties in custody, on the suspicion of being accessories to the murder.

While in prison a young woman, who happened to be a prisoner also, in an adjoining apartment to that where the Countess and Osterfeld were placed, overheard their conversation, and she communicated the substance of it to the officers.

A variety of witnesses were afterwards forthcoming who spoke to the utterance of various expressions on the part of the Countess her mother, and Eszor, which confirmed the suspicion they had a head in the murder.

The countess was, therefore, sentenced to a fresh examination, when the President of the Court conducted the interrogatories. The scenes and address which he displayed, were indeed much for her, and she confessed that Osterfeld had told her that he murdered her husband with the assistance of her father and mother; but as the most solemn manner, she declared that she was convinced that neither of her parents had anything to do with the crime. At the present Osterfeld was brought in and confessed with the Countess.

He first attempted to make a denial, but he had confessed that he and Eszor, with Eszor's wife, all were parties to the murder. Osterfeld proposed a mild way of getting rid of the Count but Eszor would not listen to this, and said he had injuries of his own to avenge. He then said that he was the person who dragged the Count from his horse, assisted by Mr. Eszor, and when the Count was down he held his mouth while Eszor perpetrated the murder.—(We refuse from giving the account of this act in detail as the death of the unfortunate victim was effected in a manner which showed a great amount of skill).—It was Eszor who put the cord about the victim's neck.

The whole were found guilty. Eszor died in prison before the final trial. The other prisoners were sentenced as follows:—Osterfeld imprisoned for life in the house of correction but in the mean time he is at liberty to prove that he was not the principal. Julius Eszor the mother-in-law of the victim, four years of hard labor, after which she must give security that she will be forthcoming whenever required by the government. Amelia Uregg, three years and a similar penalty.

The three prisoners were further obliged to pay the whole expenses of the prosecution.

One sign of mediocrity of sense, is to be always telling stories.—*La Dryer.*

(From the Religious Souvenir, for 1834.)

## THE INTEMPERATE.

"Come along," said James Harwood to his wife, who, burdened with two children, followed in his steps. Her heart was full, and she made no reply.

"Well, be sullen if you choose, but make haste you shall, or I will leave you in the woods."

Then, as if vexed because his ill humor failed to irritate its object, he added in a higher tone—

"Put down that boy. Have not I told you twenty times, that you could get along faster if you had but one to carry? He can walk as well as I can."

"He is sick," said his mother; feel how his head throbs. Pray take him in your arms."

"I tell you, Jane Harwood, once for all, that you are spoiling the child by your foolishness. He is no more sick than I am. You are only trying to make him lazy. Get down I tell you, and walk," addressing the languid boy.

He would have proceeded to enforce obedience, but the report of a gun arrested his attention. He entered a thicket, to discover whence it proceeded, and the weary and sad heartened mother sat down upon the grass. Bitter were her reflections during that interval of rest among the wilds of Ohio. The pleasant New England village from which she had just emigrated, and the peaceful home of her birth, rose up to her view—where, but a few years before, she had given her hand to one whose unkindness now strewed it with thorns. By constant and endearing attentions, he had won her youthful love, and the two first years of their union promised happiness. Both were industrious and affectionate, and the smiles of their infant in his evening sports or slumbers, more than repaid the labours of the day.

But a change became visible. The husband grew inattentive to his business, and indifferent to his fireside. He permitted debts to accumulate, in spite of the economy of his wife, and became morose and offended at her remonstrances. She strove to hide, even from her own heart, the vice that was gaining the ascendancy over him, and redoubled her exertions to render his home agreeable. But too frequently her efforts were of no avail, or contemptuously rejected. The death of her beloved mother, and the birth of a second infant, convinced her that neither in sorrow nor sickness could she expect sympathy from him, to whom she had given her heart, in the simple faith of confiding affection. They became miserably poor, and the cause was evident to every observer. In this distress a letter was received from a brother, who had been for several years a resident in Ohio, mentioning that he was induced to remove farther westward and offering them the use of a tenement which his family would leave vacant, and a small portion of cleared land, until they might be able to become purchasers.

Poor Jane listened to this proposal with gratitude. She thought she saw in it the salvation of her husband. She believed that if he were divided from his intemperate companions, he would return to his early habits of industry and virtue. The trial of leaving native and endeared scenes,

from which she would have once shrunk, seemed as nothing in comparison with the prospect of his reformation and returning happiness. Yet when all their few effects were converted into the wagon and horse which were to convey them to a far land, and the scant and humble necessities which were to sustain them on their way thither; when she took leave of her brother and sisters, with their households; when she shook hands with the friends she had loved from her cradle, and remembered that it might be for the last time; and when the hills that encircled her native village faded into the faint, blue outline of the horizon, there came over her such a desolation of spirit, such a foreboding of evil, as she had never before experienced. She blamed herself for these feelings, and repressed their indulgence.

The journey was slow and toilsome. The autumnal rains and the state of the roads were against them. The few utensils and comforts which they carried with them were gradually abstracted and sold. The object of this traffic could not be doubted. The effects were but too visible in his conduct. She reasoned,—she endeavoured to persuade him to a different course. But anger was the only result. When he was not too far stupified to comprehend her remarks, his deportment was exceedingly overbearing and arbitrary. He felt that she had no friend to protect her from insolence, and was entirely in his own power; and she was compelled to realize that it was a power without generosity, and that there is no tyranny so perfect as that of a capricious and an alienated husband.

As they approached the close of their distressing journey, the roads became worse, and their horse utterly failed. He had been but scantily provided for, as the intemperance of his owner had taxed and impoverished every thing for its own support. Jane wept as she looked on the dying animal, and remembered his laborious and ill-repaid services.

"What shall I do with the brute," exclaimed his master, "he has died in such an out-of-the-way place, that I cannot even find one to buy his skin."

Under the shelter of their miserably broken wagon, they passed another night, and early in the morning pursued their way on foot. Of their slender stores, a few morsels of bread were all that remained. But James had about his person a bottle, which he no longer made a secret of using. At every application of it to his lips, his temper seemed to acquire new violence. They were within a few miles of the termination of their journey, and their directions had been very clear and precise. But his mind became so bewildered and perverse, that he persisted in choosing by-paths of underwood and tangled weeds, under the pretence of seeking a shorter rout. This increased and prolonged their fatigue; but no entreaty of his wearied wife was regarded. The little boy of four years old whose constitution had been feeble from his infancy, became so feverish and distressed, as to be unable to proceed. The mother, after in vain soliciting aid and compassion from her husband, took him in her arms, while the youngest, whom she had previously carried, and who was unable

to walk, clung to her shoulders. Thus burdened, her progress was tedious and painful. Still she was enabled to go on: for the strength that nerves a mother's arm, toiling for her sick child, is from God. She even endeavored to press on more rapidly than usual, fearing that if she fell behind her husband would tear the sufferer from her arms, in some paroxysm of his savage intemperance.

Their road during the day, though approaching the small settlement were they were to reside, lay through a solitary part of the country. The children were faint and hungry; and as the exhausted mother sat upon the grass, trying to nurse her infant, she drew from her bosom the last piece of bread, and held it to the parched lips of the feeble child. But he turned away his head, and with a scarcely audible moan, asked for water. Feelingly might she sympathize in the distress of the poor outcast from the tent of Abraham, who laid her famished son among the shrubs, and sat down a good way off, saying, "Let me not see the death of the child." But this Christian mother, was not in the desert, nor in despair. She looked upward to Him, who is the refuge of the forsaken and the comforter of those whose spirits are cast down.

The sun was drawing toward the west, as the voice of James Harwood was heard issuing from the forest, attended by another man with a gun and some birds at his girdle.

"Wife, will you get up now, and come along?—We are not a mile from home. Here is John Williams, who went from our part of the country, and says he is our next-door neighbour."

Jane received this hearty welcome with a thankful spirit and rose to accompany them. The kind neighbour took the sick boy in his arms, saying—

"Harwood, take the baby from your wife; we do not let our women bear all the burdens here in Ohio."

James was ashamed to refuse, and reached his hands towards the child. But accustomed to neglect or unkindness, it hid its face, crying in the maternal bosom.

"You see how it is. She makes the children so cross, that I never have any comfort of them. She chooses to carry them herself, and always will have her own way."

"You have come to a new settled country, friends," said John Williams; but it is a good country to get a living in. Crops of corn and wheat are such as you never saw in New England. Our cattle live in clover, and the cows give us cream instead of milk. There is plenty of game to employ our leisure, and venison and wild turkey do not come amiss now and then on a farmer's table. Here is a short cut I can show you; though there is a fence or two to climb. James Harwood, I shall like to talk with you about old times and old friends down east. Why dont you help your wife over the fence with her baby?"

"So I would, but she is so sulky. She has not spoke a word to me all day. I always say let such folks take care of themselves till their mad fit is over."

A cluster of log cabins now met their view through an opening in the forest. They were

pleasantly situated in the midst of an area of cultivated land. A fine river, surmounted by a rustic bridge of the trunks of trees, cast a sparkling line through the deep, unchanged autumnal verdure.

"Here we live," said their guide, "a hard-working, contented people. This is your house which has no smoke curling up from the chimney. It may not be quite so genteel as some you have left behind in the old States, but it is about as good as any in the neighbourhood. I'll go and call my wife to welcome you; right glad will she be to see you, for she sets great store by folks from New England."

The inside of a log cabin, to those not habituated to it, presents put a cheerless aspect. The eye needs time to accustom itself to the rude walls and floors, the absence of glass windows, and doors loosely hung upon leather hinges. The exhausted woman entered and sank down with her babe. There was no chair to receive her. In a corner of the room stood a rough board table, and a low frame resembling a bedstead. Other furniture there was none. Glad kind voices of her own sex, recalled her from her stupor. Three or four matrons and several blooming young faces, welcomed her with smiles.—The warmth of reception in a new colony, and the substantial services by which it is manifested, put to shame the ceremonious and heartless professions, which in a more artificial state of society, are dignified with the name of friendship.

As if by magic, what had seemed almost a prison, assumed a different aspect, under the ministry of active benevolence. A cheerful flame rose from the ample fireplace; several chairs and a bench for the children appeared; a bed with comfortable coverings concealed the shapelessness of the bedstead, and viands to which they had long been strangers were heaped upon the table. An old lady held the sick boy tenderly in her arms, who seemed to revive as he saw his mother's face brighten, and the infant, after a draught of fresh milk, fell into a sweet and profound slumber. One by one, the neighbours departed, that the wearied ones might have an opportunity of repose. John Williams, who was the last to bid good by, lingered a moment as he closed the door, and said—

"Friend Harwood, here is a fine, gentle cow feeding at your door; and for old acquaintance sake, you and your family are welcome to the use of her for the present, or until you can make out better."

When they were left alone, Jane poured out her gratitude to her Almighty Protector in a flood of joyful tears. Kindness to which she had recently been a stranger, fell as a balm of Gilead upon her wounded spirit.

"Husband," she exclaimed in the fulness of her heart, "we may yet be happy."

He answered not, and she perceived that he heard not. He had thrown himself upon the bed, and in a deep and stupid sleep was dispelling the fumes of intoxication.

This new family of emigrants, though in the midst of poverty, were sensible of a degree of satisfaction to which they had long been stran-

gers. The difficulty of procuring ardent spirits in this small and isolated community, promised to be the means of establishing their peace. The mother busied herself in making their humble tenement neat and comfortable, while her husband, as if ambitious to earn in a new residence, the reputation he had lost in the old, labored diligently to assist his neighbors in gathering in their harvest, receiving his payment in such articles as were needed for the subsistence of his household. Jane continually gave thanks in her prayers for this great blessing; and the hope she permitted herself to indulge of his permanent reformation, imparted unwonted cheerfulness to her brow and demeanor. The invalid boy seemed also to gather healing from his mother's smiles, for so great was her power over him, since sickness had rendered his dependence complete, that his comfort, and even his countenance, were a faithful reflection of her own. Perceiving the degree of her influence, she endeavored to use it, as every religious parent should, for his spiritual benefit. She supplicated that the pencil which was to write upon his soul, might be guided from above. She spoke to him in the tenderest manner of his Father in Heaven, and of his will respecting little children. She pointed out His goodness in the daily gifts that sustain life; in the glorious sun as it came forth rejoicing in the east; in the gently falling rain; the frail plant, and the dew that nourish it. He loved even the storm and the lofty thunder, because they came from God. She repeated to him passages of scripture, with which her memory was stored, and sang hymns, until she perceived that if he was in pain, he complained not, if he might but hear her voice. She made him acquainted with the life of the compassionate Redeemer, and how he called young children to his arms, though the disciples forbade them. And it seemed as if a voice from heaven urged her never to desist from cherishing this tender and deep rooted piety, because like the flower of grass, he must soon fade away. Yet, though it was evident that the seeds of disease were in his system, his health at intervals seemed to be improving, and the little household, partook, for a little time, the blessings of tranquility and content.

But let none flatter himself that the dominion of vice is suddenly or easily broken. It may seem to relax its grasp, and to slumber, but the victim who has long wore its chain, if he would utterly escape, and triumph at last, must do so in the strength of Omnipotence. This James Harwood never sought. He had begun to experience that prostration of spirits which attends the abstraction of a habitual stimulant. His resolution to recover his lost character was not proof against this physical inconvenience. He determined at all hazards to gratify his depraved appetite. He laid his plans deliberately, and with the pretext of making some arrangements about the wagon, which had been left broken on the road, departed from his home. His stay was protracted beyond the appointed limit, and at his return, his sin was written on his brow, in characters not to

be mistaken. That he had also brought with him some hoard of intoxicating poison, to which to resort, there remained no room to doubt. Day after day did his shrinking household witness the alterations of causeless anger and brutal tyranny. To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed to be his prominent object. By constant contradiction and misconstruction, he strove to distress her, and then visited her sensibilities upon her as sins. Had she been more obtuse by nature, or more indifferent to his welfare, she might with greater ease have borne the cross. But her youth was nurtured in tenderness, and education had refined her sensibilities, both of pleasure and of pain. She could not forget the love he had once manifested for her, nor prevent the chilling contrast from filling her with anguish. She could not resign the hope that the being who had early evinced correct feelings and noble principles of action, might yet be won back to that virtue which had rendered him worthy of her affections. Still this hope deferred was sickness and sorrow to the heart. She found the necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance wholly from above. The tender invitation by mouth of a prophet, was as a balm to her wounded soul,—"as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, have I called thee, saith thy God."

So faithful was she in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her—so careful not to irritate her husband by reproach or gloom—that to a casual observer she might have appeared to be confirming the doctrine of the ancient philosopher, that happiness is in exact proportion to virtue. Had he asserted that virtue is the source of all that happiness which *depends upon ourselves*, none could have controverted his position. But, to a woman, a wife, a mother, how small is the portion of independent happiness! She has woven the tendrils of her heart around many props. Each revolving year renders their support more necessary. They cannot waver, or warp, or break, but she must tremble and bleed.

There was but one modification of her husband's persecution which the fullest measure of her piety could not enable her to bear unmoved. This was unkindness to her feeble and suffering boy. It was at first commenced as the surest mode of distressing her. It opened a direct avenue to her heart strings. What began in perverseness seemed to end in hatred, as evil habits sometimes create perverted principles.—The wasted and wild eyed invalid shrank from his father's glance and footstep as from the approach of a foe. More than once had he taken him from the little bed which maternal care had provided for him, and forced him to go forth in the cold of the winter storm.

"I mean to harden him, said he. All the neighbours know that you make such a fool of him that he will never be able to get a living. For my part, I wish I had never been called to the trial of supporting a useless boy, who pretends to be sick only that he may be coaxed by a silly mother."

On such occasions, it was in vain that the mother attempted to protect her child. She might neither shelter him in her bosom, nor control

the frantic violence of the father. Harshness, and the agitation of fear, deepened a disease which else might have yielded. The timid boy, in terror of his natural protector, withered away like a blighted flower. It was of no avail that friends remonstrated with the unfeeling parent, or that hoary headed men warned him solemnly of his sin. Intemperance had destroyed his respect for man and his fear for God.

Spring at length emerged from the shades of that heavy and bitter winter. But its smile brought no gladness to the declining child. Consumption fed upon its vitals, and his nights were restless and full of pain.

"Mother, I wish I could smell the violets that grew upon the green bank by our old dear home."

"It is too early for violets my child. But the grass is beautifully green around us, and the birds sing sweetly, as if their hearts were full of praise."

"In my dreams last night I saw the clear waters of the brook that ran by the bottom of my little garden. I wish I could taste them once more. And I heard such music, too, as used to come from that white church among the trees, were every Sunday the happy people meet to worship God."

The mother saw that the hectic fever had been long increasing, and knew there was such an unearthly brightness in his eye, that she feared his intellect wandered. She seated herself on his low bed, and bent over him to soothe and compose him. He lay silent for some time.

"Do you think my father will come?"

Dreading the agonizing agitation which in his paroxysms of coughing and pain he evinced at the sound of his father's well known footstep, she answered—

"I think not, love. You had better try to sleep."

"Mother, I wish he would come. I do not feel afraid now. Perhaps he would let me lay my cheek to his once more, as he used to do when I was a babe in my grandmother's arms. I should be glad to say good-by to him, before I go to my SAVIOUR."

Gazing intently in his face, she saw the work of the destroyer, in lines too strong to be mistaken.

"My son—my dear son—say LORD JESUS receive my spirit."

"Mother," he replied, with a sweet smile upon his gastly features, "he is ready. I desire to go to HIM. Hold the baby to me, that I may kiss her. That is all. Now sing to me, and, oh! wrap me close in your arms, for I shiver with cold."

He clung, with a death grasp, to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge.

"Sing louder, dear mother, a little louder, I cannot hear you."

A tremulous tone, as if from a broken harp, rose above her grief, to comfort the dying child. One sigh of icy breath was upon her cheek, as she joined it to his—one shudder—and all was over. She held the body long in her arms, as if fondly hoping to warm and revivify it with her breath. Then she stretched it upon its bed, and kneeling beside it, hid her face in that grief

which none but mothers feel. It was a deep and sacred solitude, alone with the dead. Nothing save the soft breathings of the sleeping babe fell upon that solmen pause. Then the silence was broken by a wail of piercing agony. It ceased, and a voice arose, a voice of supplication, for strength to endure, as "seeing HIM who is invisible?" Faith closed what was begun in weakness. It became a prayer of thanksgiving to HIM who had released the dove-like spirit from the prison house of pain, that it might taste the peace and mingle in the melody of HEAVEN.

She arose from the orison, and bent calmly over the dead. The thin, placid features wore a smile, as when he had spoken of JESUS. She composed the shining locks around the pure forehead, and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful. Tears had vanished from her eyes, and in their stead was an expression almost sublime, as of one who had given an angel back to God.

The father entered carelessly. She pointed to the pallid, immovable brow.—

"See, he suffers no longer."

He drew near and gazed on the dead with surprise and sadness. A few natural tears forced their way, and fell on the face of the first-born who was once his pride. The memories of that moment were bitter. He spoke tenderly to the emaciated mother; and she, who a short time before was raised above the sway of grief, wept like an infant as those few affectionate tones touched the sealed fountains of other years. Neighbors and friends visited them, desirous to console their sorrow, and attend them when they committed the body to the earth. There was a shady and secluded spot, which they had consecrated by the burial of their few dead. Thither that whole little colony were gathered, and seated on the springing grass, listened to the holy, healing words of the inspired volume. It was read by the oldest man in the colony, who had himself often mourned. As he bent reverently over the sacred page, there was that on his brow which seemed to say "this has been my comfort in affliction." Silver hairs thinly covered his temples, and his low voice was modulated by feeling, as he read of the frailty of man withering like the flower of grass, before it groweth up; and of His majesty in whose sight "a thousand years are as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." He selected from the words of the COMPASSIONATE ONE, who "gathereth the lambs with his arm, carrieth them in his bosom;" who, pointing out an example of the humility of little children, said, "Except ye become as one of these, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven," and who calleth all the weary laden to come unto him, that he may give them rest. The scene called forth sympathy, even from many bosoms. The mother, worn with watching and weariness, bowed her head down to the clay that concealed her child. And it was observed with gratitude by that friendly group, that the husband supported her in his arms, and mingled his tears with hers.

He returned from the funeral in much mental distress. His sins were brought to remembrance and reflection was misery. For many

nights sleep was disturbed by visions of his neglected boy. Sometimes he imagined that he heard him coughing from his low bed, and felt constrained to go to him, in a strange disposition of kindness, but his limbs were unable to obey the dictates of his will. Then he would see him pointing with a thin dead hand to the dark grave, or beckoning him to follow to the unseen world. Conscience haunted him with terrors, and many prayers from pious hearts arose that he might now be led to repentance. The venerable man who had read the bible at the funeral of his boy, exhorted him to yield to the warning voice from above, and to "break off his sins by righteousness, and in his iniquities by turning into the Lord."

There was a change in his habits and conversation, and his friends trusted it would be permanent. She who, above all others, was interested in the result, spared no exertion to win him back to the way of truth, and sooth his heart into peace with itself, and obedience to his MAKER. Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of grief and of remorse upon intemperance, only to see them utterly overthrown at last. The reviving virtue, with whose indications she had solaced herself and even gave thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which had begun to spring up, proved themselves to be without root. The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to the chastened being, who against hope still hoped for his salvation, resumed its dominion. The friends who had alternately reproved and encouraged him, were convinced that their efforts had been of no avail. Intemperance, "like the strong man armed," took possession of a soul that lifted no cry for aid to the HOLY SPIRIT, and girded on no weapon to resist the destroyer.

Summer passed away, and the anniversary of their arrival at the colony returned. It was to Jane Harwood a period of sad and solemn retrospection. The joys of other days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, and while she wept, she questioned her heart what had been its gain from a Father's discipline, or whether it had sustained that greatest of all losses—the loss of its affections.

She was alone at this season of self communion. The absence of her husband had become more frequent and protracted. A storm, which eerily reminded her of those which had often met upon them when homeless and weary travellers, had been raging for nearly two days. To his cause she imputed the unusually long stay of her husband. Through the third night of his absence she lay sleepless, listening to his footsteps. Sometimes she fancied she heard shouts of laughter, for the mood in which he returned from his revels was various. But it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then she thought some ebullition of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest. All night long she listened to those sounds, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Unrefreshed, she arose and resumed her morning labors.

Suddenly her eyes were attracted by a group

of neighbors, coming up from the river. A dark and terrible foreboding oppressed her. She hastened out to meet them. Coming towards her house was a female friend, agitated and fearful, who, passing her arm around her, would have spoken.

"Oh! you come to bring me evil tidings; I pray you let me know the worst."

The object was, indeed, to prepare her mind for a fearful calamity. The body of her husband had been found drowned, as was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, in attempting to cross the bridge of logs, which had been partially broken by the swollen waters. Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the privation of poverty and emigration, and the burdens of unceasing labor and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had laid her first-born in the grave with resignation, for faith had heard her SAVIOUR saying, "Suffer the little child to come unto me." She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a persecutor and injurer, a prey to vice the most destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope remained with her as an "anchor of the soul"—the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. She had persevered in her complicated and self-denying duties with that charity which beareth all things,—believeth all things,—endureth all things. But now he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be "purged by sacrifice or offering for ever." She knew that not a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the HIGH JUDGE's bar. There were bitter drops in this grief, which she had never before wrung out.

Again the sad hearted community assembled in their humble cemetery. A funeral in an infant colony awakens sympathies of an almost exclusive character. It is as if a large family suffered. To bear along the corpse of a strong man, through the fields which he had sown, and to cover motionless in the grave that arm which trusted to have reaped the ripening harvest, awakens a thrill deep and startling in the breast of those who had wrought by his side during the burden and heat of the day—To lay the mother on her pillow of clay, whose last struggle with life was, perchance, to resign the hope of one more brief visit to the land of her fathers,—whose heart's last pulsation might have been a prayer that her children might return and grow up in the shadow of a school house and the church of God, is a grief in which none, save emigrants, may participate. To consign to their narrow, motionless abode both young and old, the infant and him of hoary hairs, without the solace of knell, the sable train, the hallowed voice of the man of God, giving back in the name of his fellow Christians, the most precious roses of their pilgrim path, and speaking with divine authority of HIM who is the "resurrection and the life," adds desolation to that weeping with which man goeth downward to the dust.

But with heaviness of an unspoken and pe-

culiar nature was this victim of vice borne from the home that he troubled and laid by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. There was sorrow among all who stood around his grave, and it bore features of that sorrow which is without hope.

The widowed mourner was not able to raise her head from the bed when the bloated remains of her unfortunate husband were committed to the earth. Long and severe sickness ensued, and in her convalescence a letter was received from her brother, inviting her and her child to an asylum under his roof, and appointing a time to come and conduct them on their homeward journey.

With her little daughter, the sole remnant of her wrecked heart's wealth, she returned to her kindred. It was with emotions of deep and painful gratitude, that she bade farewell to the inhabitants of that infant settlement, whose kindness, through all her adversities, had never failed. And when they remembered the example of uniform patience and piety which she had exhibited, and the saint-like manner in which she had sustained her burdens, and cherished their sympathies, they felt as if a tutelary spirit had departed from among them.

In the home of her brother, she educated her daughter in industry, and that contentment which virtue teaches. Restored to those friends with whom the morning of life had passed, she shared with humble cheerfulness the comforts that earth had yet in store for her; but in the cherished sadness of her perpetual widowhood, in the bursting sighs of her nightly orison, might be traced a sacred and deeprooted sorrow—the memory of her erring husband, and the miseries of unclaimed intemperance.

Hartford, Conn.

L. A. S.

Written for the Casket.

## LOVE,

(As exemplified in the influence of woman.)

Oh! how the dullest heart is stirred,  
As that word melts upon the ear,  
That gentle and delightful word,  
Our happiest hours have made so dear.

'Tis nature's blessed beacon-light,  
That burns with soft and steady ray,  
Leading the world's lone wanderers right,  
When life's cold tempests cloud their way.

Its power sways e'en our satchel'd years,\*  
Ere the young men can reason why;  
Joined with a thousand hopes and fears,  
That make the school-boy smile or sigh.

Before he's learn'd the name to spell,  
Love has been busy in his breast,  
Awaken'd by some childish belle,  
Whose witcheries will not let him rest.

The object of his bashful choice,  
To whom he is afraid to speak,  
Or, if he ventures—with faint voice,  
And downcast glance, and glowing cheek.

\* Byron is said to have felt the tender passion at the age of seven. The experience of others, less susceptible, might confirm a similar circumstance.

Too often will her thrilling eye,  
Steal on his lesson, with a look  
That makes him bid the task good-bye,  
Wondering what can ail the book.

And when he rises to his teens,  
What spurns his studies and his plays?  
Nerves him, among the roughest scenes?  
The hope of some girl's whispered praise.

Yes, woman's white hand rules the world;  
That beauteous sceptre all obey;  
The soul's strong pinions are untir'd,  
Where'er it points to glory's way.

'The sailor, on the midnight deck,  
When death is ankle-deep in gore,  
'Mid the fierce noise and blazing wreck,  
Thinks of a fond pale face ashore.

The soldier, moving to the field,  
That few, perhaps, may never leave;  
Where his most anxious thought revolv'd,  
'T would be for her he left to grieve.

The statesman, in his mightiest speech,  
On which a nation's weal may rest,  
Thinks of the time when it will reach  
The home some female form has blest.

The poet, who has breathed a song  
Whose echo centuries will repeat,  
Amid the earth's admiring throng,  
Deems woman's tearful mood most sweet.

Thus through every grade of life,  
From the proudest to the humblest place,  
From study's calm to battle's strife,  
Her influence leaves a lasting trace.

With her sweet memory are allied  
Our loveliest hopes from youth to age,  
Her smile has been the dearest pride  
Of mortals high on history's page.

Each glorious prompting of the mind,  
Each hallow'd impulse of the heart,  
All that's ennobling and refined,  
With woman's image have a part.

'Tis felt to blend with every aim  
Ambition's grand excitement wakes;  
And dearest is that quiet fame,  
That from her lip its softness takes.

Her presence, like a moonlight calm,  
A tranquil brightness round us throws;  
Life owes to her its purest charm,  
Through every rough change to its close.

## LINES

Written for a Lady's Album, under an Engraving of the Rising Sun.

THY beams, oh, Sun of Righteousness! hath power  
To quicken life, and bid all moral darkness flee:  
A healing balm they wait on wings of love,  
To heal the moral sickness of the soul.  
Thy rays spread joy and peace on all around,  
And genial influence to the opening bud impart:  
They brighten as they lengthen—and, as they brighten, cherish, and sustain  
The tender acion of a pious heart.  
E'en decomposed, they please the eye of faith,  
And give, in rainbow hues, unchanging signs  
Of God's unchanging love to fallen man.  
In mid-day splendour, soon thou wilt appear,  
Clad in the bright effulgence of our God!

## The Miseries of Artificial Teeth.

Every one has, it is said, one's misfortune, a favorite grievance, which grows to a head, withdrawing the attention from other evils, and carrying off the discontents of the system,—a sort of healthy disease, if I may so express it. So *Ætna* and *Hecle* have been called safety-valves of the earth, great pimples, which every now and then relieve our venerable mother from a too great heat of the system. My pimple, or safety-valve, has been my teeth, or rather, my want of teeth; true, I have had what some may think greater misfortunes; I have lost money—much more than was convenient; have lost friends also; and, perhaps, I may say, consequently, I have lost an eye, and three fingers on the sword-hand by the cut of a sabre. Some people would call these greater misfortunes. Bah! They did not hinder me from eating, talking, and laughing, as usual; but when I lost my teeth my invaluable *incisores* and *molaires*, and, by the rigid laws of society, was obliged to supply their place with false ones, then, indeed and for the first time, I felt what is meant by the troubles of life, and such like lugubrious phrases;—then, when an embargo was laid on my mouth, and I could not eat, talk, or laugh as I had been used to do, my fortune was shaken, and I felt that man is, indeed, born to trouble. But I believe it is usual, in a piece of autobiography, for the reader to be introduced, with more or less of form, to the writer. Briefly then, to my intimates, and at the Club generally, I am Jack Webster merely,—to the rest of the world, my name and addition are Major Webster of the — Regiment of the line; pretty well known, I believe, as a sub in the Peninsular War, a Captain at Waterloo, and, since peace, a Major,—though peace itself has been war to the Major, as you shall see. More I say not on this head; the intelligent reader will pick up an idea of my character, as he will surely sympathize with my misfortunes, in the course of the following narrative. No one, as I have said, knew less of pain and grief than I did before I lost my teeth, those "inestimable instruments of mastication, utterance, and beauty," as they are styled in the *affiches* of advertising dentists. Since then I am certainly, in some sort, an altered man. How far I am excusable, from the circumstances of the case, I now proceed to show:

About five years ago, (I am now five and forty, or thereabout,) I first perceived little dusky specks between my front teeth, and shortly after on the occasion of a sharp but temporary bout of illness, felt a tenderness about my gums, and found that my teeth, like those of a portcullis, had a tendency to drop,—this I mentioned to my medical man, who, after examining them closely, told me, with all the cold-blooded precision which they affect on these occasions, that he thought it more than probable that I should "not be able to save them!"—Not save them! Heaven and earth! the idea of being toothless had never seriously, and to its full extent, occurred to me for a moment. This my Mephistophiles of a doctor well knew, and stood grinning at my consternation, much like his prototype in the inimitable designs of Retzsch, the twenty-third of the series, I think it is. However, his pre-

diction was true; out they all came,—not all at one time, however,—and only in the upper jaw; but the front teeth in this all deserted, on different occasions, in the course of a few weeks. One—the first, a front tooth—I shall never forget it—came out as I was sucking an orange; and not being sufficiently on my guard, went down my throat before I was aware of anything being the matter; I felt it, indeed, rather scrape on my *œsophagus* as it passed, but thought I had only swallowed a pip, or some such matter: my tongue, however, soon detected the gap that was left, and told me—more gently, certainly, than any other tongue could do—the grievous event that had happened. To be brief, they all followed, one after another; not I mean, down my throat; I was too much on my guard for that; for though teeth are the necessary instruments of digestion, they are not, I believe, very digestible things themselves. But this was only a foretaste of what I was doomed to suffer, as you shall see. When I next saw the doctor, I told him what had happened, which, indeed, it was not possible for me to open my mouth without doing; when he told me, with another Mephistophelian smile, that it was of no great consequence, as I could easily get a new set. This idea was some comfort to me at the moment; unfortunate people catch at straws, and are easily made grateful, for I almost forgave him the display of his own firm white set with which he conveyed the intelligence to me; though it was, I am now sure, at the thought of the unknown misery I was going to endure in the wearing of artificial teeth. Next morning, my mouth muffled up, and squeezed into the corner of my cah, I drove to Mr. —, the fashionable dentist in — Street. The case was a clear one; not a peg (or a stump) to hang a doubt upon. I must have "a whole set," or "an under and upper piece," as they are technically called. Such was the decision—disinterested one, no doubt—of the man of teeth. Here I would fain give to the uninitiated reader an idea of the dire and complicated piece of machinery which was proposed to me; but no,—my graphic powers are, I feel, quite unequal to the task. To the inquisitive loiterer through the streets of London, who has ever been drifted by the current of Sydney's Alley and St. Martin's Court, into the neighbourhood of May's Buildings, little explanation will be necessary; and I thing it better to refer those who would have an adequate idea of what sort of "infernal machines" some people carry about with them in their mouths, to this place, which is the market for this kind of ware—the Beza-teen of tooth-drawers. Here, on every hand, are to be seen glass cases filled with all sorts and descriptions of this precious merchandise, "from a single tooth to a full set," grinning insultingly, in all the pride of white and scarlet, on the toothless passenger; but many cannot, or will not, visit the shops of these plebeian tooth-drawers: let them imagine, then, a something which presents to the sight about so much of the teeth and gums as are to be seen when the lips are drawn forcibly back, called in English a "piece or set;" and at Paris somewhat more elegantly "*un ratelier*." It consists of two parts,—the *cadre* or frame, and the teeth themselves:

the former is a piece of metal, or of the tusk of the hippopotamus, or of the walrus, made to fit in some degree to the gums, and a part of the roof; to this human teeth are usually rivetted, through sometimes, to save expense, the material of the frame itself is employed. In order to keep this machine from falling out of the mouth, which, from its weight and bulk, is has a strong propensity to do, a stiff spiral wire spring is employed; one of which is attached on each side of the two pieces, and unites them, so that when the teeth are put into their natural posture, the springs being bent back into the hollow of the cheek, force the two pieces against the upper and lower jaws respectively, and keeps the whole apparatus in its place, that is, until something disturbs it, and after all, in a most uncomfortable and precarious state. All this, and much more, I learnt on my first visit to the dentist; quite enough, indeed, to open my eyes to the unfortunate situation in which I was placed. I went home, therefore, in no very jocund mood, pondering over, and balancing the dire alternatives that were before me, no easy matter to decide. On one hand the question was no less than to pass the remainder of my days with a mouth filled with metal plates, spiral springs, and dead men's teeth; on the other, to give up *talking, laughing, flirting*, in short, the world—retire to some “nook merely monastick,” and feed on pottage and batter puddings—“a trim reckoning!” For a whole week I mused and calculated the sacrifices on either side; the scale so nearly balanced that each alternately seemed going down. The world, with a thing nearly as big as a musical snuff-box, in one's mouth (*che boccone!*) or a hermitage with toothless gums, that was the question. Society, I well knew, by its rigid code, allows no one with any conspicuous personal defects, remediable or not, to join its ranks; and a blotched face, or a broken mouth, would exclude a man from many circles more decidedly than doubtful acts, or a broken reputation. This may be very right, at least so far as regards the disqualifying character of personal defects; at any rate, I who had been a strict disciplinarian in this matter, had no right to expect any special indulgence in my own favour. At last the world prevailed; I was only forty, had always lived in society: postponed—not given up matrimony; I felt, too, like a soldier, ashamed of a retreat; and thought with my experience and *savoir vivre*, under all disadvantage, the last chances of the game were still worth trying for.

The next morning, accordingly, I drove to my dentist's again seated myself with a kind of desperate courage in his vile operating fauteuil, and told him to proceed; in five minutes he was prepared, and at my side, with a large lump of bees-wax in his hand. This he stuffed into my mouth, pressing against the roof and gums, to get, as he said, a form or mould for a model of the *locale*. No very pleasant operation this, a man's hand, and half a pound of bees-wax, for some minutes together, in one's mouth, half-stifed, and hardly able to restrain an insurrectionary disposition in the stomach, to explode all his wax-work in his face. A detail, however, is impossible of half the annoyance to be endured between the in-

itiative process of “taking the model,” and the completion of the work. A week at least elapsed; and three or more of these purgatorial sort of operations. But my job was finished, and the engine was jammed between my jaws, with about the same sort of sensation on my part, as I suppose a young horse feels when the breaker's bit is first brought into his mouth. Imagine, ye who never experienced the like,—for I shall never be able to describe it,—what I felt on finding my mouth full of metal plates, strong wire springs, and teeth that ought to have been lying quietly with their original owners in some neighbouring church-yard,—a combination of physical and moral annoyances, that can hardly be equalled, I think, in the class of minor evils, as they are called. From this time I was an altered man; looks, manners, temper, all gave way in some degree, and my spirit was fairly broken in by this vile “bit” in my mouth. My friends all observed an extraordinary change in me; from gay to grave, from talk to taciturnity,—and puzzled themselves mightily about the cause. I had something on my conscience, seemed to be the general opinion. Some crime committed in my youth, remorse for which had at last overtaken me. Some were content to say I was only suffering the usual consequences of early debauchery and hard drinking: I was guiltless in all and every respect; but I said nothing. I had only to open my mouth to clear up my character and explain everything, but I prudently preferred to keep my mouth shut, and suffer in silence. All my attempts to return to my former habits, and regain my place in society, were in vain; the difficulties I had to contend with were too much for me; and after struggling with them for a twelvemonth, I gave it up, and made a retreat to a small and tolerate circle of old friends and relations in a provincial city.

I shall here describe a few of the difficulties and annoyances which I have endured, to show the world that I am not the chicken-hearted fellow that some have supposed, or have yielded to slight or imaginary evils. I shall give those instances of my sufferings without any order or connexion, save that in which they shall occur to my memory, and shall add, perhaps, before I conclude, some part of the mass of information which I have gained in the course of my experience in the matter of artificial teeth. The subject is not without its curious points, its arcana. Some are piquant enough, and even border on the horrid; they are also for the most part little known, *une lettre close*, to the multitude. They can only be known by personal experience, and are seldom communicated; for vanity, a better guard than masonic oaths, keeps the secret. And first, for my personal annoyances. A man's mouth is useful in so many ways, (a woman's certainly not less so,) that to have, as it were, a padlock put on it, and all its functions embargoed, must, it is clear, be no trifling calamity; thus I found, so soon as my mouth was fitted up with the diabolical machinery which I have been describing, that, besides the misery of such a mouthful, I could neither eat nor talk with any degree of ease or security; laughing was quite out of the question, though I confess I had not much disposition to exercise

the faculty just at that time. After a short period, however, I thought I would make trial of the efficiency of my new weapons, and make my first essays at the club and in a few morning calls. The results, however, were by no means so encouraging as to induce me to venture on the more arduous field day-of-a dinner, or evening society; for though the click of my metallic mouth-piece was perhaps audible only to my watchful ears, yet now and then the spiral springs, which remain curved in the hollow of the cheek, escaped and sprang forward, projecting between my lips like the gold and silver out of the good girl's mouth in the fairy tale, and often resisted all my efforts, with my handkerchief to my mouth, to force it back into its place again. On one of these occasions, my friends seeing me, with my eyes rolling about, and unable to speak, thought I was going to be choked; and one old lady, in her fright, gave me some hard thumps on the back, by way of relieving me. What could I do with half-a-dozen astonished faces turned towards me? Explanation was impossible: I could not utter a word. A hasty and unexplained retreat was the only course that my military or social tactics could suggest; this I effected, and through the doorway too, though I should not have refused the window; and would have given my half-year's pay to have been able to descend through a trap-door in the floor, like the ghost in Hamlet, veiled in blue smoke. On another occasion, while talking with some acquaintances at the door of our club, a sudden inclination to yawn, not prudently resisted, or in time, again threw all my tackle into disorder, and I remained for some time a silent, though not very attentive, listener to a political discussion in which I had been taking an active part. My silence at last, and projecting lips, drew upon me the scrutinizing eyes of my companions; if I had attempted to speak, I should certainly have delivered something much more sterling than is usually depicted in such conversations; but then my secret would infallibly have come out, clattering upon the pavement, like Belphegor, when told that his wife was a-coming. A thought, however, luckily occurred to me—the cholera, which was then rife in the land. Screwing up my face, therefore, as if in great pain, and pressing my hand against my epigastrium, I hobbled off, without looking to the right hand or to the left, as if labouring under an incipient stage of the epidemic. My escape, however, was not yet complete. I was still in the street, and almost certain of meeting some acquaintance, for few men have a greater number. I therefore continued my retreat into the Park, where, thinking myself secure from observation, I relieved my mouth of its burden, and proceeded to re-adjust and replace my teeth according to the directions of my dentist, in such case made and provided,—namely, by placing the springs backward, and then pressing the two pieces together, in the natural position, with the forefinger and thumb of each hand—back it into its place in my mouth again. But all this is not done by an inexperienced hand in a moment; it took me some time, and so absorbed my attention, that I did not observe a group of nurse-maids who had approached the part of the gar-

den where I stood, and who were stilling their little ones, to have a better view of what I was about. At last, as I was cautiously raising my double set of teeth to place it in my mouth—lifting up my eyes in the operation—I beheld half-a-dozen funny faces peeping at me over each other's shoulders, and only waiting that signal to burst into a general laugh. Here no generalship could be of any avail—a retreat, anyhow, was the only thing to be thought of; so, without any more ado, I crammed my teeth into my pocket, and made off as fast as I could, reaching home luckily without meeting any one to speak to. I cannot pretend, however, to detail all, or half of what I suffered in this way. At last I resolved to leave London. Whatever has been connected with our griefs seems a part or a cause of them. I would try country air—the sea air—Madeira—the Cape—anywhere—to escape from my annoyances; and indeed it was necessary to think of getting away, at least for a season, for my acquaintances began to whisper about that there was something not quite right about me. If they had said that all was not right in my head, they would not have been far from the truth. *Enfin*, I thought of a sea-bathing place in Wales, where, unknown and unquizzed, I might practise on this new mouth-organ of mine at leisure, and prepare myself to return to the world by degrees. I chose Aberistwith, and inquired for a quiet boarding-house. I can't live alone,—that's the devil of it. Nothing to fear here, thought I, when I saw my fellow-boarders: three or four old ladies—fixtures—such as always form the nucleus of these establishments; an East Indian; an old Irish doctor; and a banker, and his wife and daughter, (with his cursed political economy,) from the neighbourhood of Cirencester. But who can conceal any thing from the scrutiny of a regular boarding-house old lady's eye? Before three days were over they had found out my secret, and watched every mouthful I took, with the kind expectation of seeing my teeth tumble into my plate, trying to make me talk for the same benevolent purpose, and inquired, very significantly, if I was ever troubled with the tooth ache? Use, however, had now begun to lessen the piquancy of these and similar annoyances. We soon get accustomed to, and indulgent in our own defects; besides, my tongue and lips were now drilled into better management of the new-comers, over which they stood guard unceasingly,—the tongue especially, who was constantly going his rounds, to feel that all was right, or re-adjust any disorder that had taken place. Still I was then, and for the next two or three years, constantly meeting with accidents and *contretemps* with my borrowed teeth, of which my space will only allow me the brief mention of a few, as *echantillons*, of the mass of miseries I have endured from this prolific cause.

On one occasion, I recollect being at the opera with some ladies, Hanging over the front of the box for a moment, to see who were in the house, and speaking at the same time, out sprang my unlucky teeth, and fell into the pit. With out any explanation, (what could I say without my teeth?) I hurried down, and though the alley was much crowded, began to search quietly for

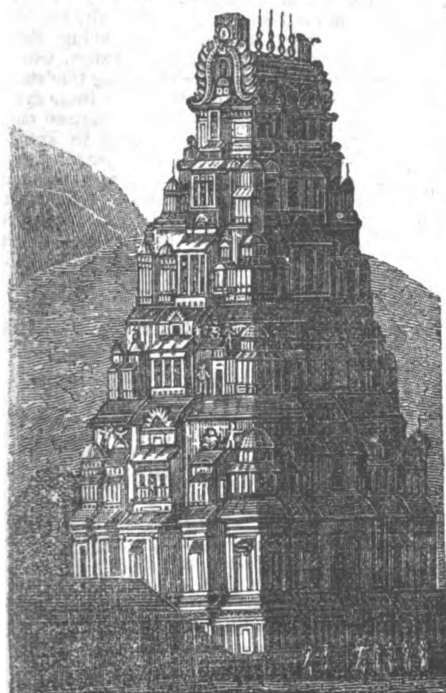
my lost property. The men standing there supposed at first that I had dropped a glove, or some such matter, and took little notice of me. At last I caught sight of my set of teeth, partly concealed under the shoe of an officer in the Guards. The avidity with which I begged him to move his foot and picked it up excited their notice, and made them think I had found something of value. They began to feel for their snuff-boxes, &c.; and one of them, thinking that he missed his box, followed me into the corridor, and requested to see what I had found. I refused, of course; high words ensued; and a crowd came round to see what was the matter. The affair was awkward enough, and I was completely at a loss what to do. Seeing, however an officer of the police coming up, I took him aside, and showing him the cause of all the hubbub, desired him to inform the gentleman that the property was mine, and of no sort of value to any body but the owner; and of not much to him he might have added. I stood aloof while this explanation was made, and heard him exclaim, "But what is it, then? why can't I see it?" The man, finding no other way out of the affair, whispered something—the bare fact, I suppose—into his ear, which was immediately followed by a rather indecorous laugh, as it seemed to me; the disposition to which, before I could get out of hearing, was rapidly extending itself among the bystanders.

On another occasion, I was staying at a friend's house in the country. On going to bed, I placed my set of teeth, as usual with me, on the table of my dressing room. I had not long been asleep, when I was awakened by a noise, which, I soon found, was made by the favorite spaniel of the lady of the house; but what had brought him to my dressing-room I could not guess. I rose, however, and, just as I was, took the lamp, and went to turn him out; when, lo, and behold! there was little Fidele with my set of teeth in his mouth, gnawing away merrily at them under the table. It was a set, the frame of which was made of the tusk of the hippopotamus, and he had taken it, I suppose, for a bone; follow him I must, for how could I carry on the war without my teeth, and a house full of ladies? Not being well acquainted, however, with the geography of the back-staircases, I stumbled, threw down the lamp, and brought out all the servants and the master of the house, to see what was the matter. There was I in my night gear and red kerchief bound round my head, and brandishing an umbrella, which I had snatched up in my hurry to make the beast refund my grinders; vexed as I was, I could not help joining in the laugh, which my picturesque figure occasioned. The affair, however, was no joke to me, and this I was obliged to explain to the assembled night caps, who, as soon as they were informed of the case, instantly gave chase, in full cry, for the recovery of my teeth. The spaniel dodged us some time; but being hard pressed, stood at last at bay, at the door of his mistress's bed-chamber, still holding his bone, as he thought it, between his teeth; being a pet dog, no one dared to touch him, for fear of offending my lady, into whose fair hands alone, and after much coaxing, he consented to give up his prize.

Of course the affair was no secret at the breakfast table next morning, and the grave congratulations were not few which I received at the success of the chance of the night before. I will mention one more of my misfortunes in this way, and that of somewhat less vexatious character, or, at least, in which the expense of the ludicrous did not fall wholly on me,—one of the city companions, (I don't exactly know which,) bearing at the least their share of it, and thus it fell out. One Lord Mayor's day, I was coaxed by two young nieces into taking them to see the procession, "the Show," as it is called; and accordingly procured a seat at the rich silver-smith's first floor window, in Cheapside; well, when the show made its appearance, I, with one on each side of me, and all our necks stretched out of the window, was playing the part of showman, and explaining, as well as I could make it out, the "order of the course," when, at a very exciting part of the pageant—the men in armour I think—down fell my unfortunate teeth perpendicularly into the street; they did not reach the ground, however, on this occasion; for it so happened that one of Birch's men was passing just at that moment, with a large jar of mock turtle on his head, ordered for some city company, to form a part, and a favourite one I understand, of a grand dinner they gave on this occasion. My little nieces laughed like mad things, and I too; indeed, the affair was not very serious, so far as I was concerned; for this set of teeth had done hard duty, and were getting rather too old and discoloured to be worn much longer; and so much the worse, I am obliged to confess, for the glass-cutters' company, (or whichever it was, who had this windfall added to their annual banquet.) I am, perhaps, rather scrupulous on some points, and thought it right, on this occasion, to send a servant after the man to bring him and the soup back again; but Birch's man was self-willed, or perhaps, much hurried on a Lord Mayor's day; for on he went his way in spite of my message, and the destiny of the worshipful company was fulfilled. I was really concerned at the part of this adventure: for I am fond of mock-turtle myself. It was some alleviation, however, to think, that, as the specific gravity of my *dents postiches* was much greater than that of the turtle soup;—for I saw it plainly sinking between the pieces of floating fat, and forced-meat balls—unless they should eat very gluttonously, and reach the bottom of the tureen, the addition which I had made to the soup would not be apparent; and, on the other hand, if they should eat their way to the bottom, and perceive something suspicious lying there, it would not be until the pleasure of eating (the main point in a city feast I take it) had been actually "had and received;" and no one would then think of refunding, at least on a point of delicacy; and besides, the uninitiated in artificial teeth had never, perhaps, seen such a production of art before, and might easily mistake it for a part of the calf's head, which the cook, much hurried on a Lord Mayor's day, had baled out of the copper by mistake.

Loose no opportunity of doing a good action.  
Learn to live as you would wish to die.

## A HINDOO TEMPLE.



The temple represented by the engraving, is at Trichengur; and is built in the centre of an extensive area, and surrounded by a colonnade. Occasionally between the pillars, fakeers, pilgrims and other temporary residents, (for vagrancy is one of the great nuisances of this country,) have thrown up partitions, and thus formed tolerably comfortable habitations.

The gateway of this temple is a remarkably fine specimen of pyramidal architecture, in which Hindostan is so rich. The entrance to the main building is through the centre of the base, forming a large and lofty passage with a flat roof. Above this are five distinct stories; so that I should think the building must exceed the height of a hundred feet.

The exterior of this structure is very splendidly ornamented, but bears the marks of a much more modern date than the temple on the hill. It is covered with the richest tracery, projecting in the boldest relief from the foundation to the summit, which is surmounted by five styles or cullices, supposed to have some cryptic reference to one of the principal Hindoo deities, too sacred for the profane understandings of the vulgar. The temple, which is several yards within the gateway, to which it is far inferior both in external grandeur and variety of decoration, is a flat-roofed building, supported upon an immense number of elegant columns, which, though they all bear precisely the same character, are nevertheless every one differently embellished, showing at once the amazing fertility of invention of the persons who erected these

stupendous edifices, their taste, their manual skill, and a perfect knowledge of architecture.

The noblest monuments of ancient Greece and Rome, must yield in splendour to the wonderful structures of this most extraordinary country. There is certainly nothing in the whole world that exceeds them for magnificence of design, and grandeur of effect. The mighty dome and gallery of St. Peter's, sinks into comparative insignificance before some of these incomparable monuments of remotely ancient, and comparatively modern art to be found in Hindostan.

History, indeed, has left us some faint records of the amazing efforts of human ingenuity, exhibited in the vast cities of Ninevah and Babylon. These mighty capitals, of still more mighty empires, have passed away, together with every memorial of them; but there still exist monuments as noble, which challenge the absolute wonder of the traveller, among the remains of Hindoo architecture.

Written for the Casket.

## LAND OF MY BIRTH.\*

BY L. W. TRASK.

Land of my birth! what pleasing visions roll,  
In hurried course across my raptured soul—  
To see thy scenes in glorious order rise,  
'Till earth commingles with the distant skies!  
And scenes so fair, that magic well might feign  
That here she held her own delightful reign,  
To chaunt her songs in every woodland bower,—  
To mark her impress on the blooming flower—  
To guide our rivers in their wandering course—  
To lead our streamlets from their narrow source—  
And draw fresh praises from admiring eyes,  
By vales that fall, or gentle hills that rise.  
But magic bows before that potent band,  
That formed our earth and blest our happy land,—  
Blest with profusion every vale and shore,  
That we might love our native land the more.  
Though Europe's sons may boast their mountains high,  
With snow-clad tops that tower 'mid the sky.  
Though Asia's gales with costly spices blend,  
And to the smell a grateful fragrance lend—  
I love the clime where nature marks no strife,  
And every zephyr cheers the stream of life!  
Thou favored land! clime of the great and brave!  
We boast not these, for bounteous heaven gave  
A gift more pure,—a right more dear to thee—  
The gift,—the glorious gift, of LIBERTY!  
Daughters of HEAVEN! fair LIBERTY, descends  
And welcomes all, and all she calls her friends,  
With pitying hand the captive's chain destroys,  
And heals his wounds, and turns his griefs to joys.  
Her presence speeds like sol's warm vernal ray,  
Pure science flowers, and brightens into day.  
And genius lingers in her happy train—  
Shouts rend the hills and praises fill the plain!

Land of the great! much sooner be my grave  
The desert sand—or awful ocean-wave;  
Than thy fair clime to Tyrant's hands should bend,  
Or freedom's reign should here forever end!

\* This was composed when the author was on a journey, and it contains some of the sentiments with which the scenes through which he passed inspired him.

## ON REARING OAK PLANTS IN HYACINTH GLASSES.

The following experiment on the germination and growth of plants, may be new to many of the readers of the "Casket."



Let a common hyacinth glass, or other glass if more convenient, be filled about a half or a third part full of water; and a piece of card be prepared as a cover for the opening of the glass, so as to fit close and exclude the air. Fasten a strong thread, or a piece of brass wire, round an acorn; not iron wire, for it will rust, and corrode the acorn, and frustrate the experiment. Suspend the thread or brass wire from the card, or from a small transverse bar of wood or metal beneath it, so that the acorn may be sustained at a short distance above the surface of the water, but near enough for the steam which will be

generated by the glass being kept in a warm room, to be communicated to the acorn, from which it will descend in a large drop.

In a few days the germ will be found to burst the shell of the acorn, and in about a fortnight afterwards the radicle, or little root, will protrude itself through the cleft, and take a downward direction into the water, where it will be continually extended and enlarged, by degrees throwing out external fibres, until, after a few days more, the other member of the germ will be seen to rise upwards till it comes near the card that covers the vessel, through which a hole must be cut to allow of its free passage. This forms the stem of the tree, which will shortly be seen to throw out two leaflets at its extremity, and shortly again others; till in the course of a few weeks from the commencement of the experiment, the tree will have grown to the height of several inches, and be ornamented at its top with leaves of two or three inches long, and wide in proportion, besides smaller ones breaking out at its sides, the root meanwhile having continued growing to a length exceeding that of the stem. In six instances of this experiment commenced in November last, the hyacinth glasses having been kept during the cold weather for the most part on the mantle-piece of an inhabited parlour, of the usual temperature of such apartments, the stems have grown to different heights, being respectively about five inches, which is the lowest, and so on to about nine inches, with intermediate heights, at the date of this letter, March 4th; the acorn itself having in the meantime become shrivelled, and lost much of its substance and weight.

The above sketch represents one of the examples described. The growth of a similar plant will, I am sure, afford an interesting object of observation to any of your readers who are fond of natural history, and may be

disposed to try the experiment; and if, when they have satisfied their curiosity by the phenomenon, they desire to turn it to further account, they may do so, by removing their nursling from the glass to the garden, where they may have the pleasure of seeing the stem, at least, continue to improve under their eyes, the progress of the root being of course only known by its effects in continuing to supply moisture, and thereby giving increase and vigour to the stem. I have in my possession a couple of small oak plants, now growing in the earth, which were raised two or three years ago in glasses after the manner above described.

March 4th, 1833.

Written for the Casket.

*On a Young Lady's Admission to the Holy Communion.*

Bright'ning round her youth's blue morning,  
Hastens on without a cloud;  
Hopes upon her soul are dawning,  
Hopes too dear to breathe aloud.

Life is in its loveliest season,  
Memory's flowers are half withblown;  
Yet the sober smiles of reason  
Have among her visions shone.

She has with the gay world mingled,  
Felt its choicest pleasures fall,  
Seen not one she would have singled,  
Sighed not to renounce them all.

In her mind reflections crowded,  
In her breast emotions thrill'd—  
Earth's deceitful pomp was shrouded,  
Nobler aims her spirit filled.

It has looked beyond existence,  
Bounded by a few fleet years,  
Discovered in the awful distance,  
What the name of death endears.

Scenes that mortal never painted,  
Scenes of bliss too pure for sound,  
Where the trial'd, and the sainted,  
Have an endless Sabbath found.

It has bowed in sweet dejection  
At the altar's humblest place,  
Early—ere the world's infection  
Left it one polluted trace.

Felt a thrill of deeper rapture  
In that shadowed hour of prayer,  
Than when fashion's splendours wrap'd her,  
Idol of the proudest there.

Should her youth's delicious morning  
Darken with affliction's frown,  
Calmly can she meet the warning,  
Think each rising sorrow down.

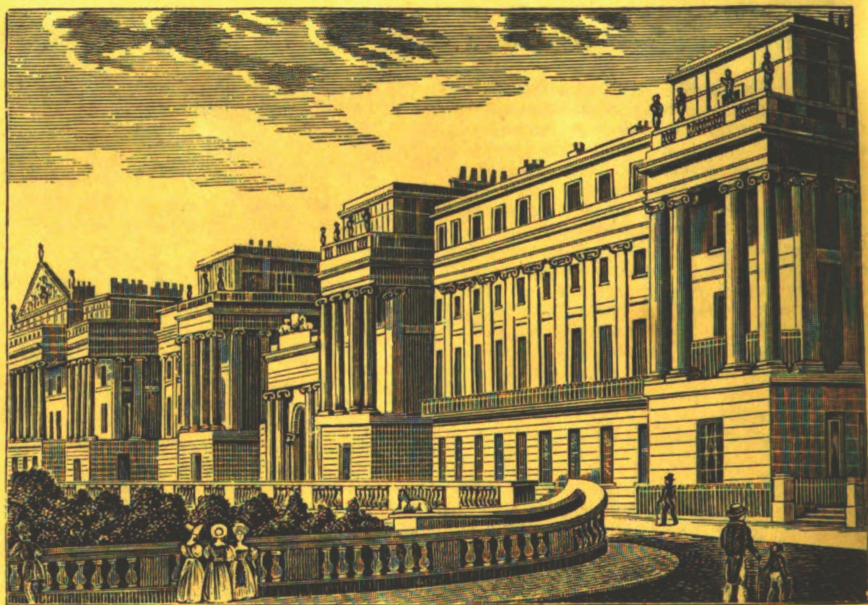
Should her hopes with wavering lustre,  
Fade like summer sunset's hue;  
He, she loves the best, disquit her  
Faith, in friendship tremble too.

All the flowers of feeling perish,  
All that seems so true, depart;  
One assurance can she cherish,  
Dear to a deserted heart.

Past the grave's mysterious border,  
Truer blessings yet may be,  
Richer glories to reward her,  
If she's faithful, God, to *THEE*.

Christ Church, Oxford, 1845

London, 1845



***Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, London.***



***Allentown, Pennsylvania.***

## CUMBERLAND TERRACE.

THE opposite engraving represents one of those rows of splendid mansions, with which wealth and modern taste have, within a few years past, adorned the west end of London, to an enormous extent. Within the last twenty years, the city of London has increased more rapidly in size and magnificence, than at any era before known; and no part of the environs of that great metropolis, has received so large a portion of favour as Regent's Park. This celebrated place, situated on the northwest suburb, was formerly called Mary-le-bone park, and contains 543 acres. It was disposed of by Cromwell, as part of the crown lands, for £13,215, including 194 head of deer, and large quantities of timber.

It is a part of the ancient *manor* of Mary-le-bone, still more anciently called Tybourn, from its situation near a small bourn or rivulet formerly called Ayebrook; and the church built there, was called St. Mary at the bourn, and became corrupted to its present appellation of St. Mary-le-bone, or Mary-bone.

This immense parish, which is larger, more opulent, more populous, and possessed of more public and private buildings of good taste and real beauty, than many metropolises of Europe, is eight miles and a quarter in circumference, and computed to contain about 2,500 acres of land.

The manor house, which during the time it was vested in the crown, was occasionally used as a temporary royal residence, particularly by Queen Elizabeth, who appears by many accounts to have used her various palaces in rapid succession, was pulled down in the year 1791. It is related, that in 1600 the manor was abundantly stocked with game, when the ambassadors from the Emperor of Russia, and other Muscovites, rode through the city of London to Mary-bone park, and there hunted at their pleasure.

A recent Italian traveller in England, alludes to the houses of London in the following Trollopian style of description.

"If the sky is dark, not less gloomy is the whole first appearance of London, to him who enters it by the Dover road. The smoky colour of the houses, gives it the appearance of city that has been burnt. If to this be added the silence which prevails in the midst of a population of, perhaps, one million four hundred thousand persons, all in motion (so that one seems to be in a theatre of Chinese shades), and the wearisome uniformity of the houses, almost all built in the same style, like a city of the beavers, it will be easy to imagine, that on first entering this darksome hive, the smile of pleased surprise soon gives way to a gloomy wander. This was the old English style of building, which still prevails in the country. But, since the English have substituted the blue pill for suicide, or, still better, a journey to Paris—and, instead of Young's Night Thoughts, read the romances of Walter Scott, they have cheered up their houses with a coat of white, and have recently rebuilt the western part of the capital (west end) in a gayer and more varied style of architecture.

"The houses are small and fragile. The first night I spent in a lodging-house, I seemed to myself still on board the vessel; the walls were equally slender, and in great part of wood, the chambers small, and the staircase like a companion ladder; the walls are generally so thin, that they allow the passage of sounds without interruptions. The lodgers would hear one another talking, but that they are accustomed to speak in an under tone. I could hear the murmur of the conversation of my neighbour overhead,—my zenith, as that of the other neighbour beneath my feet, like the opposite point nadir; and I distinguished, at intervals, the words—"Very fine weather,—indeed,—very fine—comfort—comfortable—great comfort," words which occur as often in their conversation, as commas in a book. In a word, the houses are *ventriloquous*. As I said before, they are all uniform. In a three story-house, there are three bedrooms, one over the other, and three parlours in the same situation, so that the population is, as it were, warehoused in layers like merchandise—like the cheese in the storehouses at Lodi and Codogno. The English have not chosen without design this (I will venture to call it) naval architecture. The advantages they derive from living in houses of small size and little durability, are these: in general, a house is only built for 99 years; if it outlive this term, it belongs to the proprietor of the ground on which it is built. It seldom happens, therefore, that they attain to any great longevity; on the contrary, they sometimes tumble to pieces before the natural period of their existence. The English, who are better arithmeticians than architects, have discovered, that, by building in this slippery manner, they consume less capital, and that consequently the annual interest and the annual loss of principal, are proportionately less. There is another advantage: by this method, posterity is not hampered or tyrannized over. Every generation can choose and build its own houses, according to its own caprices, and its own necessities; and, although in a great measure composed of wood, all the houses are, as it were, incombustible, by means of the insurance companies, which guarantee the value of the house, the furniture, and every thing else. A fire is no misfortune, but merely a temporary inconvenience to the inmates;—a something to look at for the passengers,—and an entertaining paragraph for the newspapers. To an Englishman, his house is his Gibraltar; he must not only be inviolable, but absolute, without dispute or fuss. He prefers living in a shell, like an oyster, to living in a palace with all the annoyance of a hen-roost.

## ALLENTOWN, Pa.

ALLENTOWN—situated on the west bank of the river Lehigh, near the junction of the little Lehigh and Jordan, is one of the oldest settlements on that river; and in the different wars of America, was the scene of many a brave and bloody deed. It was here that Col. James Bird displayed such heroism in the early wars with the aborigines. It was here during the revolutionary war, that the bells which "chime so merrily" on Christ church in Philadelphia, were

concealed by the Americans; and it was here, at a still later period of our national existence, that the insurrection in which the notorious John Fries bore so conspicuous a part, was fomented, and happily for us all, smothered in its birth.

Inhabited by a few wealthy and enterprising Germans, and cut off for many years from the different post routes by the influence of the neighbouring towns, it remained inactive a long time. Its great elevation too, rendering it difficult to procure the necessary supply of water, had the effect of retarding its progress in the march of improvement, and remained, as at first, "unnoticed and unknown," until the year 1811, when by the division of Northampton county, Pennsylvania, was incorporated and called *Northampton Borough*, (a name which by the way, has occasioned innumerable mistakes, and might be altered with advantage.) Since that period it has improved rapidly, and bids fair to eclipse its neighbours in trade and wealth, as it has already done in point of beauty.

The town contains about 9200 inhabitants. One English and two German churches; two Libraries; an Academy and Boarding School, together with three smaller Seminaries; a Court-house, decidedly the handsomest in the state; a Jail, for which there is little or no use; twelve or fourteen houses of entertainment, some of which in point of size and convenience, are inferior to none in the interior of the country, and instead of the long low weather board huts of the first settlers, there are seen some splendid three storied buildings with granite fronts, containing stores vying with those of the metropolis.

The Manch Chunk Company's canal has opened the trade to Philadelphia and New York, and produce to the amount of \$200,000 per annum is sent from Allentown to those cities. Elevated above the surrounding country, Allentown has been remarkably healthy, and it is a fact worthy of notice, that during the prevalence of the yellow fever of 1793 and '99, and the cholera in 1832 and '33, there was not a single case of either in that place, that in any way resembled those diseases. A company incorporated in 1828, have erected a splendid Water Works about half a mile from the town, by means of which a stream of cool spring water is forced up to the height of 160 feet, and distributed in cast iron pipes through the streets. As a country residence, a more delightful spot cannot be imagined. The natural curiosities are numerous, and well worth seeing. The springs of Messrs. Martin, Smith and Worman, are justly admired by all who have seen them, while a walk to the Big Rock on the Lehigh mountain, amply repays the adventurer by the extent and novelty of the scenes which are there spread out before him on every side. A thousand feet below are seen well cultivated farms, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, except on the north, where the vision is bounded by the Blue Mountain, after forcing its way through which, the river may be traced meandering through a country beautifully varied, until it washes the base of the hill on which the town stands, and then uniting with the Little

Lehigh, Trout Creek and Jordan, rushes along the foot of the Lehigh mountain, and is lost in the distance.

The inhabitants are mild, hospitable and orderly, the situation healthy and highly romantic, and within a convenient distance from Philadelphia, to which city there are two daily lines of stages. The whole number of arrivals and departures of stages amount to 76 weekly. There are four well conducted weekly papers printed in Allentown. In short, whether we consider it as a place of business, or a pleasant retreat from the noise and bustle of the crowded cities, it is alike remarkable, and we confidently assert that none ever visited it without assenting to the correctness of these remarks, or left it without casting a "longing wish behind."

From the Saturday Evening Post.

### FAREWELL TO HOME.

—"My native land, good-night."—SYMON.

Farewell my home!—the scenes I love  
Are fading from my view,  
And every hill, and every grove  
Seem echoing back adieu.  
But yet, where'er my lot shall be  
My heart shall send a sigh to thee.

Farewell my home!—a burning tear  
Has from its pearly fountain strayed,  
To tell what most my soul held dear,  
And quell the storm which grief had made.  
Blest be that tear! for as it fell,  
It seemed to say to me, farewell.

Farewell my home!—that tear shall be  
A parting token of regret,—  
The fount may dry that flowed for thee,  
Yet never will my heart forget.  
For all my paradise on earth  
Is that sweet land which gave me birth.

Farewell my home!—friends of my youth,  
For you shall leave my heart's last sigh—  
The pangs of absence hope shall soothe,  
And fancy paint my native sky.  
No more within thy bowers to dwell—  
My own—my father's home—farewell! T. H.

### MAN EVER RESTLESS.

BY HERBERT.

When God at first made man,  
Having a fount of blessings standing by  
Let us, said he, pour on him all we can;  
Let the world's riches that dispersed his  
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;  
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure,  
When almost all was out, God made a stay:  
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure,  
Rest, in the bottom lay.

For if I should, said he,  
Bestow this jewel, also, on my creature,  
He would adore my gifts instead of me:  
And rest in nature, not the God of nature—  
So both should loser be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
But keep them with ripening restlessness:  
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my heart.

From the Lady's Book.

## THE ALBUM—A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

'Tis not in mortals to command success.—*Addison*.

"UNGALLANT!—unmilitary!" exclaimed the beautiful Orinda Melbourne to her yet unprofessed lover, Lieutenant Sunderland, as in the decline of a summer afternoon, they sat near an open window in the northwest corner of Mr. Cozzens's house at West Point, where as yet there was no hotel—"And do you steadily persist in refusing to write in my album? Really, you deserve to be dismissed the service for un-officerlike conduct."

"I have forsworn, albums," replied Sunderland, "and for, at least, a dozen reasons. In the first place, the gods have not made me poetical."

"Ah!" interrupted Miss Melbourne, "you remind me of the well-known story of the mayor of a French provincial town, who informed the king that the worthy burgesses had fifteen reasons for not doing themselves the honour of firing a salute on his majesty's arrival: the first reason being, that they had no cannon."

"A case in point," remarked Sunderland.

"Well," resumed Orinda, "I do not expect you to surpass the glories of Byron and Moore."

"Nothing is more contemptible than mediocre poetry," observed Sunderland; "the magazines and souvenirs have superseded the world with it."

"I do not require you to be even mediocre," persisted the young lady. "Give me something ludicrously bad, and I shall prize it almost as highly as if it were seriously good. I need not remind you of the hacknied remarks, that extremes meet, and that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Look at this Ode to West Point, written in my album by a very obliging cadet, a room-mate of my brother's. It is a perfect gem. How I admire these lines,

"The steam-boat up the river shoots  
While Willis on his bugle toots."

"Wo to the man," said Sunderland, "who subjects his poetical reputation to the ordeal of a lady's album, where all, whether gifted or un-gifted, are expected to do their best."

"You are mistaken," replied Orinda; "that expectation has long since gone by. We have found, by experience, that, either from negligence or perverseness, gentlemen are very apt to write their worst in our albums."

"I do not wonder at it," said Sunderland.

"However, I must retrieve my character as a knight of chivalry. Appoint me any other task, and I will pledge myself to perform your bidding. Let your request take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble."

"But why this inveterate horror of albums?" asked Orinda. "Have you had any experience in them?"

"I have to my sorrow," replied Sunderland.

"With me, I am convinced, 'the course of albums never will run smooth.' For instance, I once, by means of an album, lost the lady of my love, (I presume not to say the love of my lady)."

Orinda looked up and looked down, and "a change came o'er the spirit of her face:" which change was not unnoticed by her yet undeclared admirer, whose acquaintance with Miss Melbourne commenced on a former visit she had made to West Point to see her brother, who was one of the cadets of the Military Academy.

Orinda Melbourne was now in her twenty-first year, at her own disposal, (having lost both her parents,) and mistress of considerable property, a great part of which had been left to her by an aunt. She resided in the city of New York, with Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury, two old and intimate friends of her family, and they had accompanied her to West Point. She was universally considered a very charming girl, and by none more so than by Lieutenant Sunderland. But hearing that Miss Melbourne had declined the addresses of several very unexceptionable gentlemen, our hero was trying to delay an explicit avowal of his sentiments, till he should discover some reason to hope that the disclosure would be favourably received.

Like most other men on similar occasions, he gave a favourable interpretation to the emotion involuntarily evinced by the young lady on hearing him allude to his former flame.

There was a pause of a few moments, till Orinda rallied, and said with affected carelessness—"You may as well tell me the whole story, as we seem to have nothing better to talk of."

"Well, then," proceeded Sunderland, "during one of my visits to the city, I met with a very pretty young lady from Brooklyn. Her name is of course unmentionable, but I soon found myself, for the first time in my life, a little in love."

"I suspect it was not merely a little," remarked Orinda, with a penetrating glance—"It is said that, in love, the first fit is always the strongest."

"No no," exclaimed Sunderland; "I deny the truth of that opinion. It is a popular fallacy—I know it is"—fixing his eyes on Orinda.

At that minute the young officer would have given a year's pay to be certain whether the glow that heightened Miss Melbourne's complexion was a bona fide blush, or only the reflection of the declining sunbeams as they streamed from under a dark cloud that was hovering over the western hill. However, after a few moments' consideration, he again interpreted favourably.

"Proceed, Mr. Sunderland," said Orinda in rather a tremulous voice; "tell me all the particulars."

"Of the album I will," replied he. "Well then—this young lady was one of the belles of Brooklyn, and certainly very handsome."

"Of what colour were her eyes and hair?" inquired Orinda.

"Light—both very light."

Orinda, who was a brunette, caught herself on the point of saying that she had rarely seen much expression in the countenance of a blonde; but she checked the remark, and Sunderland proceeded.

"The lady in question had a splendidly bound album, which she produced and talked about on

all occasions, and seemed to regard with so much pride and admiration, that if a lover could possibly have been jealous of a book, I was, at times, very near becoming so. It was half filled with amatory verses by juvenile rhymesters, and with tasteless insipid drawings in water colours, by boarding-school misses: which drawings my dulcinea persisted in calling paintings. She also persisted in urging me to write "a piece of poetry" in her album, and I persevered in declaring my utter inability: as my few attempts at versification had hitherto proved entire failures. At last, I reluctantly consented, recollecting to have heard of sudden fits of inspiration, and of miraculous gifts of poetical genius with which even milkmaids and cobblers have been unexpectedly visited. So taking the album with me, I retired to the solitude of my apartment at the City Hotel, concluding with Macbeth that when a thing is to be well done, 'tis well to do it quickly. Here I manfully made my preparations "to saddle Pegasus and ride up Parnassus"—but in vain. With me the winged steed of Apollo was as obstinate as a Spanish mule on the Sierra Morena. Not an inch would he stir. There was not even the slightest flutter in his pinions; and the mountain of the muses, looked to me as inaccessible as—as what shall I say?"

"I will help you to a simile," replied Orinda; "as inaccessible as the sublime and stupendous precipice to which you West Pointers have given the elegant and appropriate title of *Butter Hill*."

"Exactly," responded Sunderland. "*Parnassus* looked like *Butter Hill*. Well then—to be brief (as every man says when he suspects himself to be tedious,) I sat up till one o'clock, vainly endeavouring to manufacture something that might stand for poetry. But I had no rhymes for my ideas, and no ideas for my rhymes. I found it impossible to make both go together. I at last determined to write my verses in prose till I had arranged the sense, and afterwards to put them into measure and rhyme. I tried every sort of measure from six feet to ten, and I essayed consecutive rhymes and alternate rhymes, but all was in vain. I found that I must either sacrifice the sense to the sound, or the sound to the sense. At length, I thought of the *Bouts Rimes* of the French. So I wrote down, near the right hand edge of my paper, a whole column of familiar rhymes, such as mine, thine, tears, fears, light, bright, &c. And now I congratulated myself on having accomplished one half of my task, supposing that I should find it comparatively easy to do the filling up. But all was to no purpose. I could effect nothing that I thought even tolerable, and I was too proud to write badly, and be laughed at. However, I must acknowledge that could I have been certain that my 'piece of poetry, would be seen only by the fair damsel herself, I might easily have screwed my courage to the sticking place; for greatly as I was smitten with the beauty of my little nymph, I had a secret misgiving that she had never sacrificed to *Minerva*."

Our hero paused a moment to admire the radiance of the smile that now lighted up the countenance of Orinda.

"In short," continued he, "I sat up till night's candles were burnt out" both literally and metaphorically, and I then retired in despair to my pillow, from whence I did not rise till ten o'clock in the morning."

"That evening, I carried back the album to my fair one, but she still refused to let me off, and insisted that I should take it with me to West Point, to which place I was to return next day. I did so, hoping to catch some inspiration from the mountain air, and the mountain scenery. I ought to have recollected that few of the poets on record, either lived among mountains, or wrote while visiting them. The sons of song are too often fated to set up their household gods, and strike their lyres in dark narrow streets, and dismal alleys."

As soon as the steam-boat had cleared the city, I took out my pocket-book and pencil, and prepared for the onset. I now regarded the ever-beautiful scenery of the magnificent Hudson with a new interest. I thought the Palisades would do something for me; but my imagination remained as sterile and as impenetrable as their eternal rocks. The broad expanse of the Tappan Sea lay like a resplendent mirror around me, but it reflected no image that I could transfer to my tablets. We came into the Highlands, but the old Thunder Barrack rumbled nothing in my fancy's ear, Anthony's Nose looked coldly down upon me, and the Sugar Loaf suggested no idea of sweetness. We proceeded along, but Buttermilk Falls reminded me not of the fountain of Helicon, and Bull Hill and Breakneck Hill seemed too rugged ever to be smoothed into verse."

"That afternoon I went up to Fort Putnam, for the hundred and twentieth time in my life. I walked round the dismantled ramparts, I looked into their damp and gloomy cells. I thought, (as is the duty of every one that visits these martial ruins) on the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.' But they inspired nothing that I could turn to account in my lady's album; nothing that could serve to introduce the compliment always expected in the last stanza. And, in truth, this compliment was the chief stumblingblock after all. 'But for these vile compliments, I might myself have been an album-poet.'"

"Is it then so difficult to compliment a lady?" inquired Orinda.

"Not in plain prose," replied Sunderland; "and when the lady is a little imbecile, nothing in the world is more easy. But even in prose, to compliment a sensible woman as she deserves, and without danger of offending her modesty, requires both tact and talent."

"Which I suppose is the reason," said Orinda, "that sensible women obtain so few compliments from your sex, and fools so many."

"True," replied Sunderland. "But such compliments as we wish to offer to elegant and intellectual females, are as orient pearls compared to French beads."

Orinda cast down her beautiful eyes under the expressive glance of her admirer. She felt that she was now receiving a pearl.

"But to proceed," continued Sunderland, "I came down from the fort no better poet than I

went up, and I had recourse again to the solitude of my own room. Grown desperate, and determined to get the album off my mind and have it over, an idea struck me which I almost blush to mention. Promise not to look at me, and I will amaze you with my candour."

Orinda pretended to hold her fan before her eyes.

"Are you sure you are not peeping between the stem of the feathers," said Sunderland. "Well then, now for my confession; but listen to it 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and remember that the album alone was the cause of my desperation and my dishonour. Some Mephistophiles whispered in my ear to look among the older poets for something but little known, and transfer it as mine to a page in the fatal book. I would not, of course, venture on Scott or Moore or Byron, for though I doubted whether my lady love, was better versed in *them* than in the bards of Queen Anne's reign, yet I thought that perhaps some of the readers of her album might be acquainted with the last and best of the minstrels. But on looking over a volume of Pope, I found his "Song by a person of quality."

"I recollect it," said Orinda; "it is a satire on the amateur love-verses of that period: such as were generally produced by fashionable innamorates. In these stanzas the author has purposely avoided every approach to sense or connexion, but has assembled together a medley of smooth and euphonous sounds. And could you risk such verses with your Dulcinea!"

"Yes," replied Sunderland, "with *her*, I knew that I was perfectly safe, and that she would pronounce them sweet and delightful. And in short, that they would exactly suit the calibre of her understanding."

"Yet still," said Orinda, "with such an opinion of her mental qualification, you professed to love this young lady—or rather you really loved her—no doubt you did."

"No, no," replied Sunderland, eagerly. "It was only a passing whim—only a boyish fancy—such as a man may feel a dozen times, before he is five and twenty, and before he is seriously in love. I should have told you at this period, I had not yet arrived at years of discretion."

"I should have guessed it without your telling," said Orinda, mischievously.

The young officer smiled, and proceeded.

"I now saw my way clear. So I made a new pen, placed Pope on my desk, and sitting down to the album with a lightened spirit, I began with the first stanza of his poem—

Fluttering abroad thy purple pinions  
Gentle Cupid o'er my heart,  
I a slave in thy dominions,  
Nature must give way to art."

And I then added the second and sixth verses, substituting the name of my fair one for that of Aurelia."

"What would I not give to know that name!" thought Orinda. "But, in those verses," she remarked to Sunderland, "if I recollect aright, there is no direct compliment to the lady's beauty."

"But there is a very great one by implication," answered the lieutenant. "For instance,

the line—'Hear me pay my dying vows.'—What more could I profess than to die for love of her! And a lady that is died for, must of course be superlatively charming. In short, I finished the verses, and I must say they were very handsomely transcribed. Now do not laugh. Is it not more excusable to take some pride in writing a good hand, than to boast of scribbling a bad one? I have known persons who seemed absolutely to plume themselves on the illegibility of their scrawls; because, unfortunately, so many men of genius have indulged in a most shameful style of chirography."

"Well, I viewed my performance with much satisfaction, and then proceeded to look attentively through the album. (I had as yet but glanced over it,) to see if any one excelled me in calligraphy. What was my horror, when I found among a multitude of Lines to Zephyrs and Dew-drops, and Stanzas to Rose-buds and Violets, the identical verses that I had just copied from Pope! Some other poor fellow, equally hard pressed, had been before-hand with me; and committed the very same theft: which, in his case, appeared to me enormous. I pronounced it 'flat burglary,' and could have consigned him to the Penitentiary 'for the whole term of his natural life.' To be compelled to commit a robbery is bad enough, but to be anticipated in the very same robbery, and to find that you have burdened your conscience, and jeopardized your self-respect for nothing, is worse still."

"There was one way," observed Orinda, "in which you could have extricated yourself from the dilemma. You might have cut out the leaf, and written something else on another."

"That was the very thing I finally determined on doing," replied Sunderland. "So after a pause of deep distress, I took my penknife, and did cut out the leaf: resolving that for my next 'writing piece,' I would go as far back as the poets of Elizabeth's time. While pleasing myself with the idea that all was now safe, I perceived, in moving the book, that another leaf was working its way out; and I found to my great consternation, that I had cut too deeply, and that I had loosened a page on which was faintly drawn in a lady's hand, a faint Cupid shooting at a faint heart, encircled with a wreath of faint flowers. I recollected that my 'fair one with locks of gold,' had pointed out to me this performance as 'the sweetest thing in her album.'"

"By the by," remarked Orinda, "when you found so much difficulty in composing verses, why did you not substitute a drawing?"

"Oh!" replied the lieutenant, "though I am at no loss in military drawing, and can finish my bastions, and counterscarps and ravelins with all due neatness, yet my miscellaneous sketches are very much in the style of scene-painting, and totally unfit to be classed with the smooth, delicate, half-tinted prettiness that are peculiar to lady's albums."

"Now," said Orinda, "I am going to see how you will bear a compliment. I know that your drawings are bold and spirited, and such as the artists consider very excellent for an amateur, and therefore I will excuse you from writ-

ing verses in my album, on condition that you make me a sketch, in your own way, of my favourite view of Fort Putnam—I mean that fine scene of the west side which bursts suddenly upon you when going thither by the back road that leads through the woods. How sublime is the effect, when you stand at the foot of the dark gray precipice, feathered as it is with masses of beautiful foliage, and when you look up to its lofty summit, where the living rock seems to blend itself with the dilapidated ramparts of the mountain fortress!"

"To attempt such a sketch for Miss Melbourne," replied Sunderland, with much animation, "I shall consider both a pleasure and an honour. But Loves and Doves, and Roses and Posies, are entirely out of my line, or rather out of the line of my pencil. Now, where was I? I believe I was telling of my confusion when I found that I had inadvertently cut out the young lady's pet Cupid."

"But did it not strike you," said Orinda, "that the easiest course, after all, was to go to your demoiselle, and make a candid confession of the whole: which she would undoubtedly have regarded in no other light than as a subject of amusement, and have been too much diverted to feel any displeasure."

"Ah! you must not judge of every one by yourself," replied Sunderland. "I thought for a moment of doing what you now suggest, but after a little consideration, I more than suspected that my candour would be thrown away upon the perverse little damsel that owned the album, and that any attempt to take a ludicrous view of the business would mortally offend her. All young ladies are not like Miss Orinda Melbourne"—(bowing as he spoke.)

Orinda turned her head towards the window, and fixed her eyes intently on the top of the crow's nest. This time the suffusion on her cheeks was not in the least doubtful.

"Well then," continued Sunderland, "that I might remedy the disaster as far as possible, I procured some fine paste, and was proceeding to cement the leaf to its predecessor, when in my agitation, a drop of the paste fell on the Cupid's face. In trying to absorb it with the corner of a clean handkerchief, I spread the ruin widely round, and smeared off his wings, which unfortunately grew out of the back of his neck; a very pardonable mistake, as the fair artist had probably never seen a live Cupid. I was now nearly frantic, and I enacted sundry ravings 'too tedious to mention.' The first use I made of my returning senses was to employ a distinguished artist (then on a visit to West Point) to execute on another leaf, another Cupid, with bow and arrow, heart and roses, &c. He made a beautiful little thing, a design of his own, which alone was worth a thousand album drawings of the usual sort. I was now quite reconciled to the disaster which had given me an opportunity of presenting the young lady with a precious specimen of taste and genius. As soon as it was finished, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, went down to the city, and album in hand, I repaired to my Brooklyn beauty. I knew that, with her, there would be no use in telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth,

and I acknowledge with shame that I suppressed the fact of my copying Pope's verses. I merely said, that not being quite satisfied with my poetry, I had cut out the leaf; and I then went on to relate the remainder exactly as it happened. As I proceeded, I observed her brows beginning to contract, and her lips beginning to pout. "Well, sir," said she, with her eyes flashing, (for I now found that even blue eyes could flash,) "I think you have been taking great liberties with my album: cutting and clipping it, and smearing it with paste, and spoiling my best Cupid, and then getting a man to put another picture into it, without asking my leave."

"Much disconcerted, I made many apologies, all of which she received with a very ill grace. I ventured to point out to her the superiority of the drawing that had been made by the artist."

"I see no beauty in it," she exclaimed, "the shading is not half so much blended as Miss Cottonwool's, and it does not look half so soft."

"I have observed," said Orinda, "that persons who in reality know but little of the art, always dwell greatly on what they call softness."

"I endeavoured to reconcile her to the drawing," continued Sunderland; "but she persisted in saying that it was nothing to compare to Miss Cottonwool's, which she alleged was of one delicate tint throughout; while this was very light in some places and very dark in others, and that she could actually see distinctly where most of the touches were put on, 'when in paintings that are really handsome,' said she, 'all the shadings blended together, and looks soft.'"

"To conclude, she would not forgive me; and in sober truth, I must acknowledge that the petulance and silliness she evinced on this occasion, took away much of my desire to be restored to favour. Next day I met her walking on the Battery, in high flirtation with an old West Indian planter, who espoused her in the course of a fortnight, and carried her to Antigua."

Orinda now gave an involuntary and almost audible sigh; feeling a sensation of relief on hearing that her rival by anticipation, was married and gone, and entirely hors de combat.

Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury, who had been taking a long walk, now came in: and shortly after, the bell rang for tea. And when Orinda took the offered arm of Sunderland, (as he conducted her to the table) she felt a presentiment, that before many days, the important question would be asked and answered.

The evening on which our story commences, was that of the 3d of July 1825, and tea was scarcely over at the Mess House, when an orderly Serjeant came round with a notice for the officers to assemble in uniform at the dock, to receive General La Fayette, who was expected in half an hour.

The guest of the nation had visited the Military Academy soon after his arrival in America. He had there been introduced to Cadet Huger, the son of the gallant Carolinian, who, in conjunction with the generous and enterprising Bollman, had so nearly succeeded in the hazardous attempt of delivering him from the dungeons of Olmutz.

La Fayette was now on his return from his

memorable tour throughout the United States. Major Worth, who was in command at West Point during the temporary absence of Colonel Thayer, happened to be at Newburgh when the steam-boat arrived there, in which La Fayette was proceeding down the river from Albany to New York; and he invited the General to stop at West Point, and remain till the next boat. The invitation was promptly accepted, and Major Worth instantly dispatched a messenger with the intelligence; wishing to give the residents of the post, an opportunity of making such preparations for the reception of their distinguished visitor, as the shortness of the time would allow.

The officers hastily put on their full dress uniform, and repaired to the wharf, or docks as it is called. The band (at that time the finest in America) was already there. The ladies assembled on the high bank that overlooks the river, and from thence witnessed the arrival of La Fayette.

On the heights above the landing place, and near the spot where the hotel has been since erected, appeared an officer, and a detachment of soldiers, waiting with lighted matches to commence the salute; for which purpose several pieces of artillery had been conveyed thither.

The twilight of a summer evening was accelerated by a vast and heavy cloud, portentous of a thunder storm. It had overspread the west, and loomed upon the river, on whose yet unruffled waters the giant shadows of the mountains were casting a still deeper gloom. Beyond Popel's Island was seen the coming steam-boat, looking like an immense star upon a level with the horizon. There was a solemn silence all around, which was soon broken by the sound of the paddles, that were heard when the boat was as far off as Washington's Valley: and in a few minutes, her dense shower of sparks and her wreath of red smoke were vividly defined upon the darkening sky.

The boat was soon at the wharf: and at the moment that La Fayette stepped on shore, the officers took off their hats, the band struck up Hail Columbia; and, amid the twilight gloom, and the darkness of the impending thunder-cloud, it was chiefly by the flashes of the guns from the heights, that the scene was distinctly visible. The lightning of heaven quivered also on the water; and the mountain echoes repeated the low rolling of the distant thunder, in unison with the loud roar of the cannon.

The general, accompanied by his son, and by his secretary Levasseur, walked slowly up the hill, leaning on the arm of Major Worth, preceded by the band playing La Fayette's March, and followed by the officers and professors of the Institution. When they had ascended to the plain, they found the houses lighted up, and the camp of the cadets illuminated also. They proceeded to the Mess House, and as soon as they had entered, the musicians ranged themselves under the elms in front, and commenced Yankee Doodle; the quick-step to which La Fayette at the head of his American division, had marched to the attack at the siege of Yorktown.

While the General was partaking of some refreshment, the officers and professors returned

for the ladies, all of whom were desirous of an introduction to him. Many children were also brought and presented to the far-famed European, who had so importantly assisted in obtaining for them and for their fathers, the glorious immunities of independence.

Even now, while one who was present at this scene is essaying to describe it, her reminiscences are broken by the intelligence that has recently reached our shores of the death of that truly great man, a few hours in whose history she is attempting to rescue from the waves of oblivion. The star has now set which shone so auspiciously for our country at that disastrous period of our revolutionary struggle—

“When hope was sinking in dismay,  
And gloom obscured Columbia's day.”

Mouldering into dust is that honoured hand which was clasped with such deep emotion by the assembled sons and daughters of the nation, in whose cause it had first unsheathed the sword of liberty. And soon will that noble and generous heart, so replete with truth and benevolence, be reduced to ‘a clod of the valley.’ Yet, may we not hope that from the world of eternity, of which his immortal spirit is now an inhabitant, he looks down with equal interest on the land of his nativity, and on the land of his adoption: that country so bound to him by ties of everlasting gratitude, that country where all were his friends as he was the friend of all.

Tears suffused the beautiful eyes of Orinda Melbourne, when introduced by her lover, she took the offered hand of La Fayette, and her voice trembled as she replied to the compliment of the patriot of both hemispheres. Sunderland remarked to the son of the illustrious veteran, that it gave him much pleasure to see that the General's long and fatiguing journey had by no means impaired his healthful appearance, but that on the contrary, he now looked better than he had done on his first arrival in America. “Ah!” replied Colonel La Fayette; “how could my father suffer from fatigue, when every day was a day of happiness!”

After Orinda had resigned her place to another lady, she said to Sunderland who stood at the back of her chair—“What would I not give for La Fayette's autograph in my album!”

“Still harping on the album,” said Sunderland, smiling.

“Excuse me this once,” replied Orinda. I begin to think as you do with respect to albums, but if nothing else can be alleged in their favour, they may, at least, be safe and convenient depositories for mementoes of those whose names are their history. All I presume to wish or to hope from La Fayette is simply his signature. But I have not courage myself to ask such a favour. Will you convey my request to him?”

“Willingly,” answered Sunderland. “But he will grant that request still more readily if it comes from your own lips. Let us wait awhile, and I will see that you have an opportunity.”

In a short time, nearly all the company had departed, except those that were inmates of the house. The gentlemen having taken home the ladies, returned for the purpose of remaining with La Fayette till the boat came along in which he was to proceed to the city.

Orinda took her album; her admirer conducted her to the General, and with much confusion she proffered her request; Sunderland brought him a standish, and he wrote the name *La Fayette* in the centre of a blank page, which our heroine presented to him: it having on each side other blank leaves which Orinda determined should never be filled up. Highly gratified at becoming the possessor of so valued a signature, she could scarcely refrain, in her enthusiasm, from pressing the leaf to her lips, when she soon after retired with Mrs. Ledbury.

The officers remained with General *La Fayette* till the arrival of the boat, which came not till near twelve o'clock. They then accompanied him to the wharf, and took their final leave. The thunder storm had gone round without discharging its fury on West Point, and every thing had turned out propitiously for the General's visit; which was perhaps the more pleasant for having been so little expected.

The following day was the Fourth of July, and the next was the one fixed on by Mr. and Mrs. Ledbury for returning to New York. That morning, at the breakfast table, the number of guests was increased by the presence of a Mr. Jenkins, who had come from the city in the same boat with Miss Melbourne and her friends, and after passing a few days at West Point, had gone up the river to visit some relations at Poughkeepsie, from whence he had just returned. Mr. Jenkins was a shallow, conceited, over-drest young man, and moreover extremely ugly, though of this misfortune he was not in the least aware. He was of a family whose wealth had not made them genteel. He professed great politeness to the ladies, that is, if they had beauty and money, yet he always declared that he would marry nothing under a hundred thousand dollars. But he was good-natured; and that, and his utter insignificance, got him along tolerably well, for no one ever thought it worth while to be offended at his folly and self-sufficiency.

After breakfast, Mrs. Ledbury asked Orinda if she had prevailed on Mr. Sunderland to write an article in her album, adding—"I heard you urging him to that effect, the other day as I passed the front parlour."

"I found him inexorable, as to writing," replied Orinda.

"Well, really," said Mr. Jenkins, "I don't know how a gentleman can reconcile himself to refuse any thing a lady asks. And he an officer too! For my part, I always hold it my bounden duty to oblige the ladies, and never on any account to treat them with hauteur, as the French call it. To be sure I am not a marrying man—that is, I do not marry under a hundred thousand—but still, that is no reason why I should not be always polite and agreeable. Apropos, as the French say—apropos, Miss Melbourne, you know I offered the other day to write something for you in your album, and I will do it with all the pleasure in life. I am very partial to albums, and quite au-fait to them, to use a French term."

"We return to the city this afternoon," said Orinda. "You will scarcely have time to add any thing to the treasures of my album."

"Oh! it won't take me long," replied Jenkins

"—short and sweet is my motto. There will be quite time enough. You see I have already finished my breakfast. I am not the least of a gourmand, to borrow a word from the French."

Orinda had really some curiosity to see a specimen of Jenkins's poetry: supposing that, like the poor cadet's, it might be amusingly bad. Therefore, having sent for her album, she put it hastily into Jenkins's hand: for at that moment, Lieutenant Sunderland, who had, as usual, been breakfasting at the mess-table with his brother officers, came in to invite her to walk with him to Gee's Point. Orinda assented, and immediately put on her bonnet, saying, to her lover as she left the house—

"You know this is one of my favourite walks; I like that fine mass of bare granite running far out into the river, and the beautiful view from its extreme point. And then the road, by which we descend to it, is so charmingly picturesque, with its deep ravine on one side, filled with trees and flowering shrubs, and the dark and lofty cliff that towers up on the other, where the thick vine wanders in festoons, and the branches of the wild rose throw their long streamers down the rock: on whose utmost heights still linger some vestiges of the grass-grown ruins of Fort Clinton."

But we question if on this eventful morning, the beauties of Gee's Point were duly appreciated by our heroine, for long before they had reached it, her lover had made an explicit avowal of his feelings and his hopes, and had obtained from her the promise of her hand: which promise was faithfully fulfilled on that day two months.

In the afternoon, Lieutenant Sunderland accompanied Miss Melbourne and her friends on their return to the city. Previous to her departure, Orinda did not forget to remind Mr. Jenkins of her album, now doubly valuable to her as containing the name of *La Fayette* written by his own hand.

Jenkins begged a thousand pardons, alleging that the arrival of a friend from New York had prevented him from writing in it as he had intended. "And of course," said he, "I could not put off my friend, as he is one of the elite of the city, to describe him in French. However, there is time enough yet. Short and sweet you know—"

"The boat is in sight," said Sunderland.

"Oh! no matter," answered Jenkins. "I can do it in a minute, and I will send it down to the boat after you. Miss Melbourne shall have it before she quits the wharf. I would on no consideration be guilty of disappointing a lady."

And taking with him the album, he went directly to his room.

"You had best go down to the dock," said the cadet, young Melbourne, who had come to see his sister off. "There is no time to be lost. I will take care that the album reaches you in safety, should you be obliged to go without it."

They proceeded towards the river, but they had scarcely got as far as Mrs. Thompson's when a waiter came running after them with the book, saying—"Mr Jenkins's compliments to Miss Melbourne, and all is right."

"Really," said Sunderland, "that silly fellow must have a machine for making verses, to have

turned out any thing like poetry in so short a time."

They were scarcely seated on the deck of the steamboat, when Orinda opened her album to look for the inspirations of Jenkins' Muse. She found no verses. But on the very page consecrated by the hand of La Fayette, and immediately under the autograph of the hero, was written in an awkward school-boy character, the name of Jeremiah Jenkins.

Written for the Casket.

### THE VISION OF LIBERTY.

*Or, the World's complete Emancipation.*

BY L. W. TRASK.

Percipient Muse, whose animating fire  
Bids every soul to nobler deeds aspire,  
Assist my strain, thy towering flame impart  
To kindle love in every freeman's heart.  
Piercing the dark and lurid gloom that rears  
Between the present, and expected years,  
The muse's vision all the earth explores,  
Her rising prospects and her endless shores.  
And lo! bright glories from the earth's domain,  
Ascends to heaven and filled the ethereal plain;  
The stars and sun with one reviving glow,  
Beam heavenly radiance on the world below;  
Rapt with the sight, extended forests leap,  
And islands dance along the rumbling deep;  
Enrapturing scenes amid the earth arise,  
And laughing earth salutes the smiling skies.  
The time arrives when LIBERTY pervades  
The darkest spot of tyrants, and their shades,  
The world rejoices, for the world is free  
And songs resound to heavenly LIBERTY.  
The cheerless islands of the northern wave,  
The rocky coasts that southern oceans lave,  
The burning Indies and the eastern isles—  
Clothed with the joy, of lovely Freedom's smiles,  
Announce the conquests of that promised power,  
And gladly hail the consummated hour.  
Thrones burst asunder, sceptres fall to dust,  
And mighty cannons a c as crumbling rust.  
Dungeons are rent, and tyrants victims bear  
Their feeble bodies to the breathing air—  
And bloody ensigns of the tyrant race,  
No more the world or wiser man disgrace!  
In this new realm Eternal truth pervades  
The dusky mists of superstition's shades;  
And horrid fanes defiled with human gore,  
Shrink at her sight, and fail to rise no more,  
From pole to pole, from sea to sea, her flight  
Illumes the darkness of the heathen night,  
And the bright glories of a future day,  
Beam with effulgence on her earthly way.  
Fair science shines with rich transparent rays  
And to the realm of human mind essays;  
With rapid wing she mounts the bending sky,  
Observes how worlds in circling orbits fly,  
How flaming suns in sure attraction draw  
Vast orbs around by nature's ruling law;  
Then down to earth her various labors tend,  
Where ponderous strata in rude circles bend—  
Describes the boundary of the rolling waves,  
The hidden pearls and distant coral caves—  
And shows, arranged at one primeval birth,  
How different strata form our solid earth.  
In all her labors brilliant thought she finds,  
That raises, elevates and cheers our minds.  
Virtue, indigenous in Freedom's sway,  
Wreaths the cold sceptre of disgrace away,  
Points up to fame, re-comforts the distressed,  
And shows the place of perfect earthly rest.

As springing plants upon the flowery mead,  
On sol's warm ray will only well succeed—  
So virtue's graces, and perfections, run  
And flourish best in freedom's lovely sun.  
Mankind connected in one common joy,  
Mankind departed by no adverse tie—  
War shall no more give forth his bellowing breath,  
Nor wing the sable instruments of death!  
But peace eternal springs in every clime,  
Till HEAVEN ordain the final close of time.  
The canvassed navies sail on every deep,  
And agriculture graces every steep;  
Extending cities rise on every strand,  
And fair magnificence adorn the land!  
Oh! lovely vision, tyranny is hidrid!  
And undistinguished glory crowns the world!  
From star to star, the pleasing glory runs,  
From worlds to worlds, and flaming suns to suns,  
And should its course be bright as it portends,  
Creation's bound its progress only ends!  
Arise! ye freemen whom these flames inspire,  
And show in *action*, what your hearts desire,  
And live to see the good your deeds bestow,  
When honour, virtue, God are loved below!

The following lines were written by the late Miss Martha Day, a daughter of President Day, of Yale College.

### TWILIGHT FANCIES.

I would not wish that o'er my grave  
A rose or myrtle bough should lean,  
Nor e'en the willow there should wave,  
Nor aught but wild-flowers should be seen.

I would not wish that those I love  
Should wander there at close of day,  
And think of her o'er whom they rove  
As dwelling only with decay.

Or gazing on the little mound,  
Imagine all they cannot see,  
And, starting at the slightest sound,  
With chilling horror think of me.

No, but in each familiar spot,  
Which both to me and them was dear,  
There I would not be by all forgot,  
Yet ne'er remembered with a tear.

In the sweet home I loved so well,  
Round them unseen I oft would fly,  
Teaching the summer breeze to swell  
With notes of spirit melody.

And something in that half-heard strain  
Should breathe an unforbidden voice,  
And bringing thoughts all free from pain,  
Should still forbid them to rejoice.

Or when around the cheerful hearth  
Parents and children meet at eve,  
While beats each heart with love and mirth,  
Oh! should I wish those hearts to grieve?

Yet I would hover in the air  
And bind each heart with spells unknown,  
Till they should feel my spirit there,  
Mingling in every look and tone.

Each glance of childhood's sparkling eye,  
Each thrilling sound of childish glee,  
And every pensive look or sigh,  
All should some token bear of me.

Yet with my memory should not come  
One thought of dear affections crossed,  
Or any shade in that dear home,  
To which I never could be lost.

[From a German Paper.]

## THE PIE.

Mr. Heftelmeyer was the court tailor, and had a due sense of his importance. No person, who would pretend to be well dressed, could think of wearing a coat that did not proceed from the gallery of Mr. Heftelmeyer; and all the attempts of his rivals to attain the singular elegance of his cut, failed most miserably. But he was perhaps more, and certainly more justly, renowned for the beauty of his daughter Amelia, than for his tailoring accomplishments transcendent as they were. All the flatteries which were addressed to her were disregarded; for she had vowed her affections to the son of a celebrated preacher, Mr. Seeheim; and although that reverend personage had expressed his disapprobation of his son's marrying Amelia, she was satisfied with the young man's assurances that nothing could ever change the affection he entertained for her.

Mr. Heftelmeyer could not understand why the preacher should object to this marriage, because he thought himself inferior to no one in importance; and moreover, he inhabited the first floor of the hotel, while Mr. Seeheim lived in the second. His wife said she was sure it was not the preacher, but Madame Seeheim, whose pride opposed the union. The real truth was, that the whole affair was one of foolish vanity on the part of the parson. He was afraid that his relations, who were distinguished persons, would not countenance his son if he should marry a tailor's daughter. Maurice could not understand this, and resolved, although he was an obedient son, that as soon as he could establish himself in any way of living independent of his father, he would make Amelia his wife. In the meantime there was any thing but neighbourly feeling between the two families. One day Mr. Heftelmeyer wondered that his wife would eat no dinner, and at length extorted from her a confession, that she had set her mind on a pie which she had seen carried to Madame Seeheim, and in ostentatious a manner that she had no doubt it was done purposely to mortify her. Amelia ventured to doubt this, and received a reproof for her pains. Mr. Heftelmeyer, like a good husband, consoled his wife with a promise that she should have such a pie as would make their neighbour's pie blush for very shame.

The court pastry cook was an artist not less distinguished in his line than the court tailor, and quite as proud of his productions. To this important personage, Mr. Heftelmeyer applied, and ordered a pie for the following Sunday, enjoining the pastry-cook, at the same time, to put on the top of it, by the way of ornament, a letter S. finely gilded; which was meant by the gallant tailor to be a compliment to his spouse, whose baptismal name was Sophia. The pastry-cook in vain represented that such a decoration was by no means in good taste; but it was Mr. Heftelmeyer's taste, and as he had to pay for the pie and to eat it afterwards, he had surely a right to follow his own vagaries. The pastry cook saw that a man might make good coats, yet know nothing of the true principles of taste; so he shrugged up his shoulders, and set about making the pie.

Sunday came and the pie was brought home. He enjoined silence to all his household, and intended to make his present a surprise to his wife. He had it placed on a table in the anti-chamber, and left the door open, in order that Madame Seeheim, might be sure to see it as she passed down stairs. Unluckily the good lady did not go out at all, so this part of the scheme was frustrated. Mr. Seeheim, however, who was gone to church, must see it as he came home, and so the door was still left open.

Before Mr. Seeheim's return, however an old woman, who was in the habit of asking alms, came up the stairs. She entered the anti-chamber where no person happened to be. She knocked at the inner door; but the child was crying most lustily and prevented her knocks from being heard. The old beggar, although she had just come from the church where Mr. Seeheim had been preaching a sermon against mendicity and theft, had not profited by his exhortations. The first she was already committing, and the sight of the pie induced her to commit the other. She seized the master piece of pastry with the gilt S. upon it, and made the best way down stairs.—Just as she reached the bottom she heard some one enter the passage; and thinking the best way of avoiding detection would be to turn back again, she mounted the staircase rapidly, and passing the tailor's door, went still further up stairs. The person whom she had heard, followed her, and she saw it was Mr. Seeheim, who was all the while congratulating himself on the effect which he thought his sermon would have in diminishing the practice of beggary and theft.

The old woman felt herself already in the hands of the police, when she found that she could not get higher than the second floor, and that Mr. Seeheim was behind her. A sudden thought occurred to her, which, as it promised her safety, she did not hesitate to put in practice. Making up a demure face, she told the preacher that she had been sent with the pie as a present to him and his wife, and begged his acceptance of it, with as many compliments as she could invent off hand.

'But who is it that has sent it, my good woman?' said the parson, perfectly dazzled at the sight of so handsome a present.

The old woman had her cue here, and said that she had been expressly forbidden to tell. Mr. Seeheim believed her, and seeing the gilded S on the pie, convinced him it had been made for him, and nobody else. He gave the woman something for bringing the pie, and returned to her the pewter dish on which it had been sent.

The old bussey, delighted at having got so well off hurried down stairs as fast as possible, and gaining the street, got clear away.

Madame Seeheim was delighted with her husband's handsome present. 'One would think,' she cried, 'that we live in times when good deeds meet with a certain and prompt reward. Yesterday you read to me your sermon on mendicity and theft, and to-day, almost as soon as you have finished preaching it, this handsome present is sent to you.'

Mr. Seeheim tried in vain to guess who it could be that had sent him this pie. He fixed upon and rejected various personages, and at last

ended by declaring that he could not satisfactorily attribute this compliment to any one of his acquaintance. While he was occupied with these agreeable reflections, a scene of a very different nature was acting on the floor below. As soon as the loss of the pie was discovered, a noise and confusion which may easily be imagined, had ensued. Each person accused the other of inattention and negligence, but the tailor internally blamed himself for the ostentation with which he had displayed the pie; and but for which, the accident would not have happened. He enjoined his maid servant, under threats of immediate dismissal, not to say a word of the matter to any one, in order that he might at least avoid the scoffs of the preacher and his wife, who he concluded would be delighted to hear of his misfortune.

The inmates of the second floor, in the mean time, had tried the contents of the pie, which they found excellent. Madame Seeheim had just finished dinner when she said to her husband, 'I can't imagine what has happened below; but there is a great noise in our neighbor's rooms. I hope no accident has happened to the poor woman who is confided.'

'I should indeed be very sorry,' said her husband, 'for although I don't want our families to be united, they are very honest people, and I have a great regard for them. They have, upon many occasions, been very civil to us; and I am not sorry to make the first advances to their conciliation; suppose we send down some pie to the lying-in lady.'

Madame Seeheim readily acceded with her husband's proposition; and as she also knew that Mrs. Heftelmeyer's name was Sophia, she sent that part of the pie on which the gilt S was placed.

While the servant carried this peace-offering down stairs, the worthy pastor was felicitating himself and his spouse upon what they had done. 'There would not,' he said, 'be half so many quarrels in the world, nor would they last half so long, if people would be willing to accommodate their differences. I'm sure we shall not have cause to repent this.'

Alas! how differently did the event turn out from what the pastor had predicted! The tailor had no sooner set his eyes upon the dish with the pie in it, than he rushed by the servant without hearing her message, and ran up stairs to his neighbor's room, which he entered very abruptly.

'How is this sir,' he cried: 'do you mean to insult me by this treatment?'

'Is it possible you can imagine that I mean to do so?' said the pastor, mildly.

'How can I think otherwise?' said the angry tailor; 'and how can I guess what has induced a man of your character and years to play so wantonly a school-boy's trick?'

'I really don't understand you,' replied Mr. Seeheim; 'but as your behavior and language is very offensive, I beg it may cease. If this is the return you make to an act of politeness and good will, I shall take care not to repeat it.'

'Politeness and good will, indeed!' cried the angry tailor; 'you shall see, sir, what the magistrate will say to such politeness, and he bounced out of the chamber.'

Mr. Seeheim could only think that his neighbor had gone mad; and, as he saw him go out of doors soon after, he expressed a very sincere hope that he would come to no harm. In the course of a very short time afterwards, Mr. Herbst, a lawyer, entered.

'Your neighbor, the tailor, has been with me just now, he said, and has been consulting me with a view of taking legal proceedings against you; and I am come for the purpose of seeing whether I can arrange matters amicably between you.'

'How is it possible to arrange matters amicably or otherwise, with a man who is decidedly out of his senses?'

'Well, indeed, I have perceived no signs of insanity,' said the lawyer; and on the contrary I must confess that the complaint he makes against you has very much surprised me. My friendship for you makes me say that it would give me great pain if the trick you have played him should be made public.'

'Why, really, my dear Herbst,' said the pastor, 'you puzzle me as much as my neighbor has done. All the notions I have hitherto entertained of justice and decency, must have been mistaken. You think seriously that what has passed between Mr. Heftelmeyer and me will furnish sufficient grounds for a formal complaint?'

'Certainly; how can I think otherwise? Either what you have done was in jest, which, under the circumstances of disagreement that subsist between you and Mr. Heftelmeyer, would be looked upon as a very unwise and unjustifiable liberty, or else it is a downright theft.'

'A theft!—'

'Don't be angry—I know you are incapable of such an act; and, besides, your subsequent conduct shows'—

'Do give me leave. I will prove to you in two words, that Heftelmeyer is unquestionably mad, and that he has represented things to you most absurdly false. This is the fact. All this disturbance arises from a contemptible piece of pie, which I sent as a mark of civility to his wife, who is lying-in, and out of this, by some means or other, you make a theft, and an impropriety of behaviour.'

'Mr. Seeheim! Madame Seeheim!' cried the tailor, who at this moment appeared at the door with a most mortified and contrite air, 'I beg your pardon a thousand times. I beseech you not to mind any thing that Mr. Herbst may say. The whole matter is a mistake, and I come before you covered with shame at having requited your kind intentions so ungratefully.'

This speech was an inexplicable as any part of the business; and the pastor and the lawyer looked at one another, as much as to say there was no doubt now that the poor fellow was really deranged.

Matters were soon explained. It appeared that the police had made a general perquisition, at the moment when it was least expected, among all the suspected persons in the city. The old woman by whose ingenuity the pie with the gilt S had found its way to Mr. Seeheim's apartments, had been taken, and the pewter dish, on which Mr. Heftelmeyer's name was inscribed, being found in his possession, had led him to inquiries,

the result of which, with her own confession, cleared up the whole of the mystery.

Mr. Seeheim laughed heartily at the adventure, and readily forgave his neighbor's impetuosity. The lawyer seized the favorable opportunity for bringing about a firm reconciliation between the parties; and three months after the adventure of the pie, Maurice and Amelia, (notwithstanding Mr. Seeheim's great relations) were happily married.

### DEATH.

BY THE REV. O. P. FEARBODY.

Lift high the curtain's drooping fold,  
And let the evening sun light in:  
I would not that my heart grew cold,  
Before its better years begin:  
'Tis well at such an early hour—  
So calm and pure—a sinking ray  
Should shine into the heart with power  
To drive its darker thoughts away.

The bright young thought of early days,  
Shall gather in my mem'ry now,  
And not the latter cares whose trace  
Is stamped so deeply on my brow;  
What though those days return no more;  
The sweet remembrance is not vain—  
For heaven is waiting to restore  
The childhood of my soul again.

Let no impatient mourner stand  
In hollow sadness near my bed—  
But let me rest upon the hand,  
And let me hear that gentle tread  
Of whose kindness long ago,  
And still unworn away by years,  
Has made my weary eye lids flow  
With grateful and admiring tears.

I go—but let no plaintive note  
The moment's grief of friendship tell;  
And let no proud and graven stone  
Say where the weary slumber well!  
A few short hours and then for heaven!  
Let sorrow all its tears dismiss,  
For who would mourn the waning given,  
Which calls us from a world like this!

### DAYS OF ABSENCE.

Days of absence sad and dreary,  
Cloth'd in sorrow's dark array,  
Days of absence I am weary,  
One I love is far away.

Hours of bliss too quickly vanish,  
When will ought like you return,  
When this heavy sigh be banish'd,  
When this bosom cease to mourn?

Not till that lov'd voice can greet me,  
Which so oft has charmed mine ear,  
Not till that sweet eye can meet me,  
Telling that I still am dear.

Days of absence then will vanish,  
Joy will all my pangs repay,  
Soon my bosom's idol banish  
Gloom but felt when he's away.

All my love is turn'd to sadness,  
Absence pays the tender vow,  
Hopes that fill'd the heart with gladness,  
Memory turns to anguish now.

Love may yet return to meet me,  
Hope may take the place of pain,  
And one I love wish kisses greet me,  
Breathing love and peace again.

From an English Paper.

### THE WISH.

Say, what would be thy first wish,  
If a Fairy said so thee,  
"Now, ask a boon; I'll grant it,  
Whatever it may be."  
The first wish of thy heart, I think  
May easily be told—  
Confide in me—deny it not—  
Thy wish would be for gold.

"Oh, no—thou art mistaken—  
That should not be the boon—  
My thirst for this world's lacres  
Is ever satiated soon:  
The only gold I prize, is such  
As Industry has brought;  
And gold like that from fairy's hands  
Would fruitlessly be sought."

"Say, what then would thy first wish be—  
Ambition's laurelled name—  
The pride of popularity,  
The pinnacle of fame—  
The pampered board of luxury,  
Where crowds of menials wait—  
Thy second wish would still be gold—  
To furnish forth thy state."

"Ah! no—the days have long gone by,  
When such had been my choice;  
I ask not fame—far more I prize  
The self-approving voice.  
My first wish should not be for fame—  
My second not for gold—  
But listen to me patiently,  
My wishes shall be told.

"Oh give me but a happy home,  
To share with her I love—  
Oh, let me from her path of life  
Each anxious care remove—  
And like the sweet days of the past,  
May we have 'days in store,'  
Oh, give me this—and only this—  
I'll never ask for more."

### THE PLEDGE.

By Miss L. E. London.

Come let your cup flash sunshine like  
To friends now far away:  
"Here's to the absent and the loved!"  
The absent, did you say?

And wherefore shall we drink to them?  
It is a weary toast;  
What boots it to recall the friends  
Whom we have loved and lost?

Fare cuts our good ship through the sea—  
What does it leave behind?  
There is no path upon the wave,  
No track upon the wind.

Like that swift wind we have past on  
And left no deeper trace;  
The circle parted from at home  
Has now no vacant place.

Fewer and happier years than mine  
On thy young brow are set;  
Soon thou wilt learn Time's easiest task  
Is teaching to forget.

I'll fill as high, I'll drink as deep—  
Or must a toast be said?  
Well, here are all I ever pledge—  
"The present and the dead."

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E.

Having expressed our opinion on the merits of *Iriam Coffin*, we annex an extract from the work, confident that the specimen will induce our readers to seek for more entertainment from the book itself.

### The Murderer's Fate.

"But hie! seest thou that lurking rascal, prowling stealthily around the warehouse?"

"Ay—'tis the same that had to do with the boy just ow: and see,—the lad is again gamboling in the water. Let us keep an eye upon him."

The Indian soon afterwards deposited his bundle of clothes between two oil casks, and dropped silently into the water, from the side of the wharf next the rampus. He disappeared beneath the surface, as he doubled the corner of the pier, which had previously hid him from the sight of Isaac, who was carelessly and boyishly turning summersets in the water—sometimes floating like a sleeping animal upon its surface, and then diving like a waterfowl, and reappearing after a half minute's absence, a long distance from the place of his exit.

It was necessary for him to breathe more than once before he reached Isaac; and he did so with the extortivity worthy of an Indian, by turning on his back, and merely projecting his nose for an instant above water.

Jethro and the captain watched the wary approach of the Indian to the vicinity of the unsuspecting boy, until they had satisfied themselves of the ulterior design of the assailant. The skiff was again in motion, and the assailant had both disappeared, the first to ferret out his prey, and take him by surprise; and the other, without a thought of what was about to ensue, to try the length of time that he could remain beneath the water without drawing breath. Presently two heads approach simultaneously above water, confronting each other; and two long breathing sounds, like the blowing of a porpoise, accompanied by a hurried ejection of water from the mouth, freed the heads of both the swimmers at the same moment.

A strife of breasting the waves again ensued, which betrayed the earnestness with which each sought to outdo the other. In every thing, physically speaking, the Indian appeared to be superior to the boy—his sinewy frame, broad chest, and flat feet, were identical requisites for a swimmer; while the undeveloped form of Isaac, and his protracted exertion in the waters, unfitted him for coping with his athletic opponent.

But though he was not the equal of the Indian in strength of limb, he was superior to him in stratagem, which the aquatic disciples of Franklin, when his time was a practised swimmer, knew so well how to execute in the water. Quibby had several times nearly overtaken Isaac, and had stretched forth his hand to secure his prey; but the little fellow eluded his grasp, and slid away from him under the water, in an opposite direction, which left the Indian completely at fault. Though the second trial was baffled time after time, he returned to the assault so often and so unrelentingly, that he succeeded at last in tiring the boy down. Isaac made his last dive, but the Indian anticipated him, and pounced upon his back, as he was repeating, for the fifth time, the trick of passing under his opponent; and thus, by a well managed feint, drawing his attention to a point towards which he appeared to be steering while his head was above water, at which he changed to a different direction the moment his body became submerged.

The greatest general of the age ceased to be victorious after he had taught his enemies the trick of his art, by beating them in a hundred battles. The obtuse intellect of the Indian (they have thick skulls like the

African negro), at last comprehended that the little Quaker meant to go South below the surface, when his head was driving North above. But he had him now; and dearly did he intend to repay the gripe of the throat and the punch in the stomach which Isaac had administered. Take thy last look upon the sun brave boy! The demon of the island has fastened upon thee, and it will be a miracle if thy spirit is not soon winging its flight to eternity.

It is said that the struggles of the dying man, in the possession of all his faculties, are irresistible; and that no human hand can grapple and master him, without the sinews of a giant are brought to try the issue of strength. It was the demoniacal intention of the Indian to drown the boy forthwith, let the consequences be what they would. He had Isaac's neck between his legs, at the depth of several feet beneath the surface of the water, where he held him immovable; while with his hands he pressed the body again strongly to the bottom.

One minute in this position is an age! It is an eternity of time! The death-struggle was again come upon the poor little fellow, and the fiend was once more exulting over him! He felt the blood of his whole body rushing to his brain—imagined loathsome snakes twisting about his neck and brow, and his body assailed by frightful sea-monsters. A streaming gush of water poured into his ears and mouth. His reason was on the point of giving way, in the agony of gasping suffocation—but a moment, it rallied—and that moment was his salvation!

Isaac, without being aware of the fact had, in his struggles, been working himself, as well as his opponent, into deeper water. The murderer was obliged to discontinue his endeavors to press the body of the boy downwards, from the necessity which required that he should keep his own head, particularly his mouth, and nostrils, in the free air. By this means the limbs of the boy were left at liberty, and he was enabled to brace his feet firmly upon the sandy bottom. His hands were free; but heretofore he could do nothing with them, while his feet were *hors des combat*.

But now he gathered himself, instinctively, for a desperate effort, and locking his arms around the legs of his foe, and planting his feet strongly beneath his body, with one mighty surge he raised the Indian from the bottom, and pitched him headlong into the sea! The relief thus gained was just in time. A moment more would have closed the mortal career of the boy. But the advantage thus acquired was not to be lost. Isaac sprang after his enemy with the agility of a dolphin—and, ere he could regain his balance, his young hand, still nerved with the desperation of one battling for life, was firmly twisted in the lank black hair of the Indian. He avoided the experiment, which the native had tried, to conceal the struggling of his victim, and contented himself with holding the head, face downwards, beneath the water, at arm's length—caring nothing for the splashing and flourishing of the foe,—which the Indian, while he held the lad, was anxious to conceal, for fear of attracting notice from the shore.

"Periah!" exclaimed Isaac, in accents not loud, but deep—"Periah!"—thou black hearted savage! Ay—kick if thou wilt, struggle on, monster!—It is my turn now:—I owe thee no mercy,—and die thou shalt the death thou hast twice escaped to bestow upon me, for the alleged sin of my father. Ay sprawl, bite, scratch, it will require something more than human interposition to save thee from death!"

"Boy! what doest thou do?—Release the Indian, and we will protect thee—Release him, I say!" repeated an authoritative voice, close to the ear of Isaac. "I am not deaf, good friends—I shall release him in

a minute or two, but in my own discretion. The peril be mine, keep off, meddle not with this quarrel, I am desperate! I was but now dying in the grasp of this hell-bound:—twice within the hour has he given me a taste of the other world; and it shall go hard but I requite the favor. Keep off, I say!—By the heavens above us, I will serve thee after the same fashion, if thou darest to come between me and my prey—Away!—I have said it, he shall die the death of a dog!—There, all is over now!”

The limbs of the Indian became relaxed and quiescent. The tide of life had withdrawn to the citadel whence it sprang;—the body floated for a moment, without convulsion, on the surface of the water, and then settled away gradually from the sight. Isaac had loosed his hold, and he stood gazing with stupid wonder upon the water.

“Isaac, my son, what hast thou done?” demanded Jethro, in a choked, but fatherly voice, as, sorrowfully, he reflected on the termination of the violent and tragic scene, and marked the wild and altered look of his son.

“Father is it thou?—Oh save me from the fangs of that dreadful Indian!—But where is he.”

“Where, indeed!” responded the father, mournfully.

Macy plunged into the water after the drowned body. He found it without difficulty, for the water was shallow, and not more than half body deep. The captain placed the Indian carefully in the boat, across a seat in the stern with his mouth downwards to give the water egress from the stomach, and then quickly seizing the oars, he pulled for the shore with all his strength, leaving Jethro and his son wading in the sea. The case of the Indian would not brook delay. The gaze of poor Isaac was fixed and vacant, while Jethro, taking his passive hand in his own, led him gently towards the beach. Exhaustion had rendered him powerless; and perception and memory had fled. The faculties of his mind were sleeping, curtailed by what seemed to be a horrid dream,—but which partook so nearly of a tragic reality.

### Scene in a Private Mad House.

The following lines, descriptive of a scene in a private Mad House, are from the pen of M. G. Lewis, Esq. They were published in the National Intelligencer, about eight years since, the Editors of which paper introduced them with these remarks:—“If any one can read the following lines without shuddering in sympathy with the supposed captive, he must have a heart dead to every human feeling. The perusal of them had the more effect upon us, from the conviction we have for some time entertained, that insanity, when superinduced (not natural)—when it is an affection of the mind, and not a defect of organization—is often the consequence of the treatment of the disease—not merely of the estrangement of friends; of seclusion from the world; of coercion; but of the horrible dread of being thought mad by others. We recollect hearing of the case of an enlightened physician, who was carried by his friends to an Asylum for the insane, after exhibiting symptoms of an alienation of mind.—‘My God: am I come to this? Never shall I leave these walls!’ and he died within them, not many days after.”

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!

She is not mad who kneels to thee.

For what I'm now, too well I know.

And what I was, and what should be.

I'll rave no more in proud despair,

My language shall be mild, though sad;

But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,

I am not mad: I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale

Which chains me in this dismal cell,

My fate unknown my friends bewail—

Oh! jailer, haste that fate to tell!

Oh! haste, my father's heart to cheer!

His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,

To know, though kept a captive here,

I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key!

He quits the gate! I knelt in vain!

His glim'ring lamp, still, still I see!

'Tis gone—and all is gloom again!

Cold, bitter cold—no warmth! no light!

Life, all thy comforts once I had!

Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,

Although not mad! no, no! not mad!

'Tis sure some dream! some vision vain!

What! I, the child of rank and wealth!

And I the wretch who clanks this chain,

Bereft of freedom, friends and health?

Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,

Which never more my heart must glad,

How aches my heart! how burns my head,

But 'tis not mad—no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou my child, forgot ere this,

A mother's face; a mother's tongue?

She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss.

Nor round her neck how fast you clung;

Nor how with me you sued to stay.

Nor how that suit your sire forbade;

Nor how—I'll drive such thought away—

They'll make me mad—they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled—

His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone—

None ever bore a lovelier child—

And art thou now forever gone?

And must I never see thee more.

My pretty, pretty little lad?

I will be free—unbar the door—

I am not mad—I am not mad.

O, hark—what mean those dreadful cries?

His chain some furious madman breaks—

He comes—I see his glaring eyes—

Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes—

Help—help—He's gone.—Oh—fearful woe,

Such screams to hear, such sights too soon—

My brain, my brain—I know, I know

I am not mad—but soon *shall* be.

Yes, soon.—For lo, yon—while I speak—

Mark how yon demon's eye balls glare—

He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,

He whisks a serpent high in air.

Horror—the reptile strikes his tooth

Deep in my heart so crushed and sad,

Aye, laugh, ye fiends, I feel the truth—

Your task is done.—I'm mad—I'm mad.”

### A LOVER'S SONG.

You are very lovely, lady!

Soft and fair your skin;

Beauty's pencil has been there,

Blending colours fresh and rare;

Is all fair within?

Yes; that blush, with modest glow,

Sweetly tells what I would know.

You are very gentle, lady!

Humble and discreet.

Let not words of artless praise

Kindle anger in your gaze.

Praise is not unmeet,

When the lip of truth doth find

Language for th' approving mind.

You are very dear sweet lady!

Will your hear my suit?

Honest is my love, and pure,

Lasting while my days endure;

Why are you so mute?

Ah! you smile, and blush, and sigh—

I do ask no more reply.

## Battle of Monmouth.

The following graphic sketch of the Battle of Monmouth, is taken from the life of Hamilton, recently published in New York.

"On the evening of the twenty-seventh, Hamilton, who had rejoined the main body by order of Washington wrote to General Lee, directing him, from the apprehension that the enemy might move off at night, or early in the morning, to detach a party of six or eight hundred men, to lie near them, and to skirmish, so as to produce some delay; while Lee was directed to give orders to Colonel Morgan to make an attack for a similar purpose: a previous order had been issued to Lee to call the officers together, and an hour was appointed by him for their conference; but before they met, he rode out, and on the inquiry for orders, were informed that he had none to give.

In the interim, the enemy had taken a strong position with their right flank on the skirt of a small wood, and their left secured by a forest, and a morass running towards their rear, a wood also covering their front.

The main body of the Americans being put in motion to support him, Lee was ordered to commence the attack. Colonel Hamilton, who had rejoined the Marquis before break of day, as soon as he saw the probability of the van of the advanced corps being engaged with the enemy, returned to Washington, who was coming up with the main body, and advised\* him to throw the right wing of the army round by the right, and to follow with the left wing directly in Gen. Lee's rear, to support him; and an order was immediately given to Greene to file off with the right wing, and take a position so as to protect the right of the army, which was done. Hamilton then went forward to reconnoitre. Lee, after having advanced a short distance ordered a halt, he then again moved forward, and in half an hour after, Wayne was directed by Lee, to leave his own detachment, and take command of the front. Scott's brigade, then advanced up the morass on one side, Varnum's following its rear. Wayne, on reaching the front sent intelligence to Lee that the enemy were moving in great disorder, and urged him to push on the rear. He continued to advance, crossing the morass near the road where they were marching. The whole force then in view halted; a body of British horse, covered by infantry, instantly charged the foremost regiment under Colonel Butler, who pouring in a well-directed fire, broke them, and threw their covering party into disorder. The pursuit was kept up; when the enemy opened a fire from their artillery inclining to the right of the Americans, in order to gain an eminence, where their veterans formed with admirable coolness, as they came up in succession. Wayne hoping to gain the advantage of the ground, formed Scott's brigade, under a heavy discharge of artillery, and still pressed on when an order was received from Lee, who Hamilton states "mediated the disgrace of the Americans," to RETREAT. —The enemy seeing the situation of this detachment wholly unsupported passed a column through the village and gained a position between it and the remainder of the army, when they again made a spirited charge with their horse, and their whole advance was compelled to retire; which they did under cover of a wood, until they reached the body under Lee. Hamilton having urged in vain that possession should be taken of a hill which commanded the plain on which the enemy were coming up, and that there the battle should be fought,† rejoined Washing-

ton, to report what he had done. He thus represented the situation of the advance; that when he came up with Lee, the enemy was drawn up with their right near a wood, their left in open ground covered by cavalry; that the American columns were within cannon shot of the enemy; that he rode up to the front of the column, and perceiving that their cavalry were filing off towards the left, as if to attempt Lee's right, he suggested to him that a column should wheel on their right and attack them. This suggestion was approved; and Hamilton, by Lee's order, directed Lafayette to wheel by his right, gain and attack the enemies' flank. At this instant, while Washington was standing with his arm extended over his horse, during a halt for a few moments, where the roads forked, a small party came rapidly up, from whom he learned that the advanced corps was on the retreat. He instantly, giving way to a burst of indignation, sprung upon his horse, and having ordered Colonel Harrison, who had returned from reconnoitring, to ascertain the truth, pushed forward to the rear of the advanced corps and rallied the retreating troops.

To every inquiry as to the cause of the retreat, an unsatisfactory answer was given. Colonel Ogden, who followed, exclaimed with an oath, "we are flying from a shadow." The troops were then in the greatest disorder, ignorant what direction to pursue.

Washington meanwhile reached the knoll, where Lee was,—he immediately ordered Wayne to renew the combat, directed cannon to be brought up, which was done by Colonel Oswald, and a brisk cannonade ensued. Then calling up Colonels Ramsey and Stewart, he vehemently exclaimed that they were the officers on whom he should depend to give the enemy a check. While these regiments were forming, Lee approached. Washington demanded of him, in haste, the cause of the retreat. He replied—Sir, Sir, with hesitation, stating that it was owing to contradictory information and disobedience of orders, and that he did not choose to beard the British army in such a situation; and that besides, the attack was contrary to his opinion. Washington replied, that whatever was his opinion, he expected his orders would have been obeyed.

At this moment, Hamilton rode up, and exclaimed to Lee, "I will stay with you my dear General, and die with you. Let us all die here, rather than retreat." Perceiving the enemy advancing on the artillery, which by the orders of General Knox had been posted on the right,‡ he advised that a detachment should march to their succour; when, after a short interval, Colonel Livingston pushed forward and repulsed them with spirit.

Hamilton then rode towards the rear; when finding Colonel Olney|| retreating with Varnum's brigade, and fearing that the artillery in their front would be lost, he ordered the brigade to form, along a fence near him, with all possible despatch, which they immediately did, and charged at the point of the bayonet, where Hamilton, who had assisted in forming them, and had placed himself at their head, had his horse shot under him; when, hurt by the fall,§ and overcome by the heat, (for he had ridden throughout the action without his hat,) he was compelled to retire.

This party, after exchanging a sharp fire gave time for the artillery to fall back; but too weak to prevent the enemy from outflanking them, retreated with considerable loss.

These two successive checks by Livingston and Olney afforded time to make a disposition of the left

\* Proceedings of a Court Martial for the trial of General Lee held at Brunswick, July 4th, 1778. Fitzgerald's testimony, p. 23. Tilghman's, p. 26.

† Lee's Defence, p. 53.

‡ Hamilton's testimony, p. 20.

§ Hamilton's testimony, p. 20.

|| Hamilton's testimony, p. 21.

Col. Olney's testimony, p. 40.

wing, and to form the second line of the army upon an eminence, and in a cove in the rear covered by a morass. On this elevation, Stirling, who commanded that wing, placed cannon, which protected the charges of the infantry, and produced a great impression on the enemy, and stopped their progress.

Greene, as soon as he heard of the retreat, pushed forward and selected a position on the right which Hamilton had advised Lee to take, crowned it with artillery and kept off the British advancing on the right while he severely enfiladed the left. Wayne then advanced, and pouring in a close fire, drove the enemy beyond the morass, near which Butler had at first repulsed them. Washington followed up the attack, by orders to General Poor, with two brigades; to move on the right, and Woodford on their left, while Knox brought his artillery to bear upon their front. These dispositions were made; but obstacles prevented their reaching the enemy until night had closed in.

The Americans, worn out by intense heat, reposed on the field of battle, hoping to renew the action in the ensuing day; but the enemy taking advantage of the darkness pressed on, and succeeded in embarking at Sandy Hook. Washington unfortunately, believing that no serious injury could be inflicted upon them, leaving only a small force to hover round them, moved up for the protection of the Hudson.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

*Written under a Scotch Rose, which was painted for a young Lady.*

Sweet Rose that blew on Scotland hill,  
Or in the glen beside the rill,  
I love thy modest feature.  
But since 'tis not for me to gather  
Thy blossom o'er the brake and hether,  
I bid my pencil greet you.

Of virtue, thou an emblem art,  
And all I love in human heart,  
Methought when first I saw you.  
The innocence upon thy brow,  
And half hid charms remind me now  
Of her for whom I draw you.

Hopkinsville Ky,

W. P. Y.

### THE DEPARTED.

O, sacred Star of Evening! tell  
In what unseen celestial sphere,  
The spirits of the perfect dwell,  
Too pure to rest in sadness here.  
Roam they the chrystal fields of light,  
O'er paths by feet of angels trod;  
Their robes with heavenly splendor bright;  
Their home, the paradise of God!

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar  
Amidst the radiant orbs sublime,  
When life's delusive scene is o'er,  
And all the griefs of changeful time?  
And canst thou join the blissful choir,  
Thro' heaven's high dome the song to raise,  
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,  
In ever-during notes of praise?

O who would heed the chilling blast  
That blows o'er life's eventful sea,  
If doomed to hail—its perils past,  
The bright wave of eternity?  
And who the sorrows would not bear  
Of such a fleeting world as this,  
When faith displays beyond its care,  
So bright an entrance into bliss?

THOMSON, THE POET.—The most extraordinary fact in the history of this excellent poet I derived from my late friend, Mr. George Chalmers, whose industry, research, and learning are well known. It was Mr. Chalmers' intention to write the life of Mr. Thomson, but whether to introduce into his elaborate work, "Caledonia," or not, I do not recollect. He told me, however, the following remarkable fact, in which, he assured me, I might confidently depend. Mr. Chalmers had heard that an old housekeeper of Mr. Thomson's was alive, and resided at Richmond. Having determined to write a life of the celebrated poet of his country, he went to Richmond, thinking it possible he might obtain some account of the domestic habits of the poet, and other anecdotes, which might impart interest and novelty to his narration. He found that the housekeeper had a good memory, and was of a communicative turn. She informed him Thomson had been actually married in early life, but that his wife had been taken by him merely for her person, and was so little calculated to be introduced to his great friends, or, indeed, his friends in general, that he had kept her in a state of obscurity for many years; and when he, at last, from some compunctious feelings, required her to come and live with him at Richmond, he still kept her in the same secluded state, so that she appeared to be only one of the old domestics of the family. At length his wife, experiencing little of the attention of a husband, though otherwise provided with every thing that could make her easy, if not comfortable, asked his permission to go for a few weeks to visit her own relations in the north. Thomson gave his consent, exacting a promise, that she would not reveal her real situation to any of his or her own family. She agreed, but when she had advanced no farther on her journey than to London, she was there taken ill, and in a short time died. The news of her death was immediately conveyed to Thomson, who ordered a decent funeral; and she was buried, as the old housekeeper said, in the churchyard of old Marylebone church. Mr. Chalmers, who was indefatigable in his inquiries, was not satisfied with the old woman's information, but immediately went and examined the church register, where he found the following entry:—"Died, Mary Thomson, a stranger," in confirmation of the housekeeper's testimony. My late worthy friend, Mr. Malone, I doubt not, would not have been satisfied with this simple register, but would have pursued the inquiry till he had discovered all the family of Mary Thomson, the time of the marriage, and everything that could throw a light on this mysterious event, important and interesting only as it relates to a poet who will always be conspicuous in the annals of British literature. Thus we find, that the letter from Thomson to his sister, accounting for his not having married, which is inserted in all the biographical reports of Thomson, is fallacious; and that his concealment of his early marriage was the result of pride and shame, when he became acquainted with Lady Hertford, Lord Lyttleton, and all the high connexions of his latter days.—*Taylor's Records.*

*Inflation of the Lungs of Newly-born Infants.*—At a recent sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Julia Fontanello stated a curious fact in confirmation of the usefulness of the practice of inflating the lungs of newly-born children apparently lifeless. An infant, born in a state of asphyxia, was brought, said the speaker, for dissection, to M. Portal;—it had already lain some time in the room, and the surgeon was about to commence the anatomy, but before proceeding to operate the thought occurred to him to blow into its mouth. This he accordingly did, and at the end of two or three minutes warmth returned, the circulation was excited, the heart beat, and the body was sent back to the parents—a living child.

From the New England Galaxy.

## Human Life,

OR THE FIRST AND LAST MINUTE.

*Minutes pass.*—The anxious husband paces slowly across his study. He is a father, a man child is born unto him. *Minutes pass*—the child has been blessed by a parent, whom it cannot recognize, and pressed to that bosom, to which instinct alone guides for sustenance—the young wife too has faintly answered to a husband's questions, and felt his warm kisses on her forehead.

*Hours pass.*—The low moaning from the closely covered cradle, tell of the first wants of its infant occupant. The quiet tread of the nurse speaks of suffering around her; while her glad countenance says that the very suffering which she is trying to alleviate, is a source of joy, and the nameless articles, which from time to time she arranges on the hearth, tell of a new claimant for the courtesies and attentions of those, who have progressed further on the pathway of existence.

*Days pass.*—Visitors are thronging the chamber, and the mother, pale and interesting after her recent sickness, is receiving their congratulations, and listening proudly to their praises of the little treasure, which lies asleep in its rocking-bed at her feet. The scene shifts, and the father is there with her alone; as the twilight deepens about them, while they are planning the future destiny of their child.

*Weeks pass.*—The eyes of the young mother are sparkling with health, and the rose blooms again on her cheek, and the cares of pleasure and home engage her attention, and the father is once more mingling with the world; yet they find many opportunities each day to visit the young inheritor of life; to watch over his dreamless slumber—to trace each other's looks in his countenance, and to ponder upon the felicity, of which he is the bearer to them.

*Months pass.*—The cradle is deserted. But the chamber floor is strewed with play things, and there is a little one loitering among them, whose half hushed words, and hearty laugh, and sunny countenance tell you, that the entrance into life is over a pathway of flowers. The cradle is empty, but the last prayers of the parents are uttered over the small crib, which stands by their own bedside, and their latest attention is given to the peaceful breathings of its occupant.

*Years pass.*—Childhood has strengthened into boyhood and gamboled along into manhood. Old connections are broken—parents are sleeping in their graves—new intimacies are formed—a new home is about him, new cares distract. He is abroad, struggling amid the business of life, or resting from it with those whom he has chosen from his own generation. Time is beginning to wrinkle his forehead, and thought has robbed his looks of their gaiety and study has dimmed his eyes. Those who began life, after he had grown up, are fast crowding him out of it, and there are many claimants upon his industry and love for protection and support.

*Years pass.*—His own children have become men, and are quitting him, as he also quitted the home of his fathers. His steps have lost their elasticity—his hand has become familiar with the cane, to which he is obliged to trust in his walks. He has left the bustle which fatigued him. He looks anxiously in each days paper among the deaths—and then ponders over the name of an old friend, and tries to persuade himself, that he is younger, and stronger, and has a better hold upon life than any of his contemporaries.

*Months pass.*—He gradually diminishes the circle of his activity. He dislikes to go abroad, where he finds so many new faces; and he grieves to meet his former companions, after a short absence, they seem to

have grown so old and infirm. Quiet enjoyments only are relished,—a little conversation about old times—a sober game at whist—a religious treatise,—and his early bed, form for him the sum total of his pleasures.

*Weeks pass.*—Infirmity keeps him in his chamber. His walks are limited to the small space between his easy chair and his bed. His swollen limbs are wrapped in flannels. His sight is failing—his ears refuse their duty, and his cup is but half filled, since otherwise, his shaking hand cannot carry it to his shrunk lips, without soiling its contents. His powers are weakened—his faculties are blunted—his strength is lost.

*Days pass.*—The old man does not leave his bed—his memory is failing—he talks but cannot be understood—he asks questions but they relate to the transactions of a former generation—he speaks of occurrences, but the recollection of no one around him can go back to their scenes—he seems to commune with comrades, but when he names them, it is found that the waters of time and oblivion have long covered their tombs.

*Hours pass.*—The taper grows dimmer and dimmer—the machinery moves yet more and more slowly—the sands are fewer as they measure the allotted span. The motion of those about him is unheeded, or becomes a vexation. Each freak inquiry after his health is a knell. The springs of life can no longer force on its wheels—the "silver chord" is fast untwisting—the pitcher is broken at the fountain—and time "is a burthen." His children are about him, but he heeds them not—his friends are near, but he does not recognize them. The circle is completed. The course is run—and utter weakness brings the damp, which yshers in the night of death.

*Minutes pass.*—His breathing grows softer and lower—his pulse beats fainter and feebler. Those around him are listening, but cannot tell when they cease. The embers are burnt out—and the blaze flashes not before it expires. His "three score years and ten" are numbered. Human life "is finished."

## HEAVEN AND EARTH.

BY JNO. N. MASSITT.

Is earth the vale of woe  
Where hope's rich clusters fail—  
The field where sorrows grow  
And blighting storms prevail?

HEAVEN is the fount of light  
Where rosy waves of love  
Kiss with their billows bright  
All who arrive above.

Is earth a chequered maze,  
Like eyanescant clouds  
That life's young morning haze,  
Wrapping the sun in shrouds?

IN HEAVEN no clouds have been,  
No change is feared or known,  
An everlasting green  
Is o'er its vallies thrown.

Is earth the spoiler's home.  
Where sin's dark traces are—  
Where cruel monsters roam,  
And mad'ning passions war?

No sin high Heaven has marred,  
It glows with holy light,  
With gems of glory spard—  
Perennial—calm—and bright.

Do death's black banners wave,  
On all the plains of earth:  
Digs he a midnight grave  
For every human birth?

IN HEAVEN his frosty breath,  
Blight's not a single flower;  
Thy sting is lost, O Death,  
In glory's healing power.

## Reminiscences.

**RED JACKET.**—It happened during the revolutionary war, that a treaty was held with the Indians, at which La Fayette was present. The object was to unite the various tribes in amity with America. The majority of the Chiefs were friendly, but there was much opposition made to it, more especially by a young warrior, who declared that when an alliance was entered into with America, he should consider the sun of his country as set forever. In this travels through the Indian country, when lately in America, it happened at a large assemblage of Chiefs, that La Fayette referred to the treaty in question, and turning to Red Jacket, said, "pray tell me if you can, what has become of that daring youth, who so decidedly opposed all our propositions for peace and amity? Does he still live—and what is his condition?" "I, myself, am the man," replied Red Jacket, "the decided enemy of the Americans, as long as the hope of opposing them with success remained, but now their true and faithful ally until death."

**LA FAYETTE AND AN OLD SOLDIER AT MONTGOMERY.**—When on his late visit to America, while at Montgomery, in the State of Alabama, he was visited by a veteran who had served under him in many battles, whom he immediately recognised, as an orderly and most gallant soldier. After much interesting and familiar conversation, the old man said, "there is one thing, General, which it puzzles me to account for—when we served together, I believed myself to be the youngest man of the two. But my locks are now perfectly grey, and you do not appear to have a grey hair in your head." "My good friend," replied the General, "you are altogether in error, the advantage is totally on your side. The hair of your head is grey—while I cannot boast a single hair on my head—I wear a wig!"

**MRS. BRATTON, OF S. C.**—At a period, when an absolute want of arms and ammunition precluded, in a great degree, the possibility of effectual resistance, a small depot of powder was entrusted to Mrs. Bratton, wife of Colonel Bratton, an active officer, serving in the field. The treachery of an individual communicated the important secret to the enemy, and a British detachment was pushed forward to secure so valuable a prize. Mrs. Bratton, informed of their near approach, immediately laid a train of powder from the depot to the spot on which she stood, and seeing no chance of saving her charge, blew it up. "Who," exclaimed the irritated officer who led the detachment, "has dared to do this atrocious act? Speak quickly that they may meet the punishment they deserve." "Know then," said Mrs. B., "'twas I—and let the consequence be what it will, I glory in having frustrated the mischief contemplated by the merciless enemies of my country."

**A GLORIOUS EXAMPLE IN WASHINGTON.**—When Colonel Washington was stationed at Alexandria, in 1754, there was an election for members of the Assembly, when Mr. W. Payne opposed the candidate supported by Washington. In the course of the contest, Washington grew warm, and said something offensive to Mr. Payne, who at one blow, extended him on the ground. The regiment heard that their Colonel was murdered by the mob, and they were soon under arms, and in rapid motion to the town to inflict punishment on the supposed murderers. To their great joy, he came out to meet them, thanking them for such a proof of attachment, but conjuring them by their love for him and their duty, to return peaceably to their barracks. Feeling himself to be the aggressor, he resolved to make honorable reparation. Early next

morning, he wrote a polite note to Mr. Payne, requesting to see him at the tavern. Payne repaired to the place appointed, in expectation of a duel, but what was his surprise to see wine and glasses in lieu of pistols. Washington rose to meet him, and smiling as he offered his hand, began, "Mr. Payne, to err is nature; to rectify error is glory. I believe I was wrong yesterday; you have already had some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, here is my hand—let us be friends." An act of such sublime virtue produced its proper effect, and Mr. Payne was from that moment an enthusiastic admirer of Washington.

**ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN PLUNKETT.**—Captain Plunkett, a high-spirited Irishman, whose attachment to the cause of liberty had led him to seek a commission in the Continental army, had, by the chances of war, been compelled to give up his sword, and to surrender himself a prisoner to the enemy. Previously to this untoward event, by the suavity of his manners, and uniformly correct conduct, he had rendered himself an acceptable guest in many families in Philadelphia, and particularly so, to one of the Society of Friends, who, however averse to warfare, were not insensible of the claims of those to their regard, who, by the exercise of manly and generous feelings, delighted to soften its asperities. There was among them a female, mild and gentle as a dove, yet, in firmness of mind, a heroism, in personal charms, an angel. She saw the sufferings of the captive soldier, and under the influence of pity, or perhaps a more powerful passion, resolved, at all hazards, to relieve him. It accidentally happened, that the uniform of Captain Plunkett's Regiment bore a striking resemblance to that of a British corps, which was frequently set as a guard over the prison in which he was confined. A new suit of regimentals was in consequence procured and conveyed, without suspicion of sinister design, to the Captain. On the judicious use of these rested the hopes of the fair friend to give him freedom. It frequently happened that officers of inferior grade, while their superiors affected to shun all intercourse with rebels, would enter the apartments of the prisoners, and converse with them with kindness and familiarity, and then at their pleasure retire. Two centinels constantly walked the rounds without, and the practice of seeing their officers walking in and out of the interior prison, became so familiar, as scarcely to attract notice, and constantly caused them to give way without hesitation, as often as an officer showed a disposition to retire. Captain Plunkett took the advantage of this circumstance, and putting on his new coat, at the moment that the relief of the guard was taking place, saluted forth, twirling a switch carelessly about and ordering the exterior door of the prison to be opened, walked without opposition into the street. Repairing without delay to the habitation of his fair friend, he was received with kindness, and for some days secreted and cherished with every manifestation of affectionate regard. To elude the vigilance of the British Guards, if he attempted to pass into the country, in his present dress, was deemed impossible. Woman's wit, however, is never at a loss for contrivances, while awayed by the influence of love or benevolence. Both, in this instance, may have aided invention. Plunkett had three strong claims in his favor: he was a handsome man—a soldier—and an Irishman. The general conduct of the Quakers, exempted the sect in a great measure from suspicion, in so great a degree indeed, that the barriers of the city were generally entrusted to the care of their members, as the best judges of the characters of those persons who might be allowed to pass them. A female friend, from a farm near the city, was in the family, on a visit to a relative. A pretext was formed to present her with a new suit of clothes,

in order to possess that which she wore when she entered the city. Captain Plunkett was immediately disguised as a woman, and appeared at the barrier accompanied by his anxious deliverer. "Friend Roberts," said the enterprising enthusiast, "may this damsel and myself pass to visit a friend at a neighboring farm?" "Certainly," said Roberts, "go forward." The city was speedily left behind, and Capt. Plunkett found himself safe under the protection of Colonel Allen M'Lean, his particular friend.

**INDIAN GRATITUDE AND WIT.**—Soon after Litchfield began to be settled by the English, an unknown Indian came into the inn at dusk, and requested the hostess to furnish him with food and drink; stating, that he had no success in hunting, and could not pay till he had better fortune. The woman refused; calling him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow. A man who sat by noticed the Indian as he turned away from the inhospitable place, and perceiving that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, he generously ordered the hostess to furnish him with a good supper, and call on him for payment. After the Indian had finished his meal, he thanked his benefactor again and again, and assured him he should never forget his kindness, and would, if it were in his power, faithfully recompense it. He observed, that he had one more favor to ask; if the woman was willing he wished to tell a story. The hostess, whose good nature had been restored by money, readily consented. The Indian, addressing his benefactor, said, "I suppose, you read the Bible?" The man assented. "Well, the Bible says, God make the world; and then he took him, and looked on him, and say 'all very good.' Then he made light; and took him, and looked on him and say, 'all very good.' Then he made land and water, sun and moon; grass and trees; and he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'all very good.' Then he made beasts, and birds, and fishes; and he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'all very good.' Then he made man; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'all very good.' Then he made woman; and look him, and looked at him, and — he no dare say one such word."

Many years after this, the Indian's benefactor was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried into Canada. He was saved from death by one of the tribe, who asked leave to adopt him in the place of a son, who had fallen in battle. Through the winter, he experienced the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came to him and appointed a meeting at a certain place, on a given day. The prisoner consented; but afterwards, fearing mischief might be intended, he neglected the engagement. The Indian again sought him, reproved him for his want of confidence in him, and assured him the meeting would be for his good. Encouraged by his apparent friendship, the man followed his directions. He found the Indian provided with muskets, ammunition, and knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to arm himself and follow him. Their course was towards the south, and day after day the white man followed, without being able to conjecture the motives of his guide. After a tedious journey he arrived at the top of an eminence, commanding a view of a country somewhat cultivated and populous. "Do you know that country?" said the Indian, with an arch smile. "Oh, yes! it is Litchfield," replied the white man, as he cordially pressed his hand. "Many years ago, you give weary Indian supper there," said he. "He promise to pay you, and he pay you now. Go home, and be happy."

As the frigate *South Carolina*, commanded by Com. Gillian, was cruising between the Bahama Islands

and the Florida Keys, it happened one night, (Lieut. John Mayrant being officer of the deck,) that he was ordered to keep a good look-out and the lead a-going; and a Midshipman with a night-glass was placed at each quarter. About two hours before day, the one stationed on the starboard, announced that he perceived a rock; upon a nearer inspection, it proved to be a fleet, and on drawing still nearer, a Jamaica fleet. About 4 A. M. the frigate was close aboard four of them, and another ship was to be seen at about five miles windward; to secure the whole prize was now the object of the Commodore, but one, which there was no possibility of attaining without having recourse to artifice; and, after a hasty consultation with his officers, the following line of conduct was determined on;—In the first place, the frigate, having British colors flying, hailed the four ships nearest to her, ordering them to heave to, and promising to send a boat aboard of them. Lieutenant Mayrant, was then ordered to take a barge, and with twenty-four choice men and about four or five marines, (himself, as well as the marines) being all in British uniform, to make for the furthest vessel, he did so, and when arrived under her stern, and rounding upon her quarter, in answer to the Captain's inquiry, as to what boat that was, replied that it was the barge of the *D'Artois*, commanded by Captain M'Bridge; the Captain ordered him to keep off, threatening to fire into him. Lieutenant Mayrant, in return, commanded him to heave a rope immediately, and asking if he would dare to fire in His Majesty's boat, ordered his men to pull along side: on hearing this, the British ship, without further dispute heave a rope, and manned her sides; such being the ceremony usually observed in receiving an officer. Lieutenant Mayrant immediately stepped on board, having previously ordered his men not to follow, but on receiving a concerted signal; the Captain received him with great politeness, and the usual inquiries having been made and answered, Lieutenant Mayrant desired to see his papers, in order to examine them. No sooner had the captain gone below, in the search of them, than Lieutenant Mayrant's men, receiving the expected signal, stepped on board to the number of twenty, all armed with cutlasses, and having pistols concealed under their jackets. The captain having returned, Lieut. Mayrant, after examining the papers, inquired how many men he had on board, and on his replying that there were forty, ordered him to take his papers and twenty men, and to go with them on board of the frigate; he replied, 'why, surely Sir, you do not mean to impress my men at sea.' Lieut. M. replied, 'certainly not, but Captain M'Bridge being a very particular man, wishes to examine the men and papers himself. The Captain still hesitated, upon which Lieut. Mayrant reiterating his order, made a sign to his men to draw their sabres, on perceiving which, the Captain, not choosing to risk a contest, obeyed; Lieut. M. ordered him to row off, while he would undertake to carry the ship down to the frigate. As soon as the Captain was fairly off, Lieut. M. ordering the remainder of the crew below, reversed the British colors. At which sight, the consternation of the Captain, who, from the barge, was a spectator of what had passed, may be better conceived than expressed; he declared it to be a damned Yankee trick; but, the deception was discovered too late, and he found himself obliged to go on board of the frigate: by this means, Commodore Gillian was enabled to capture the whole fleet, consisting of five Jamaica men, heavily laden with sugar and rum.

The most pure and exquisite pleasure which a man can experience is at the moment when the girl to whom he is fondly attached, but of whose affection he is doubtful, confesses that she loves him.—*Modern Pythagoreans.*

# THE MOON-LIT BOWER.

*Grazioso.*

Nay, ask me not, the moon-lit bow'r Of love, is not for

*p* *fz* *p*

me; Nor hath my lyre the ma-gic pow'r, To

wake such lays for thee; For joy-ance ne-ver,

day . . . er more will sweep, will sweep a . . . . . cross its strings, Its

mel . . . . dies are sha . . . . dow'd o'er By sor . row's ra . . . . ven wings.

express rallent

2.

Nor bid me sing, for why should I  
On things of sadness dwell—  
To call the tear drop to thine eye,  
Or cause thy breast to swell,  
With feelings that would badly suit,  
A heart so young as thine?  
O let me die, ere I pollute  
With grief, that bosom's shrine.

3.

The grave will soon, the happy grave  
Will soon enshroud this form—  
Which, like the ocean's trem'ulous waves,  
Hath often felt a storm:  
And in some lone deserted spot,  
My resting place shall be;  
By native hill and stream forgot—  
Perhaps by all but thee!

## WIT AND SENTIMENT.

### EPITAPH.

ON WILLIAM GRAY.  
Here lieth wrapt in clay,  
The body of William Gray—  
I have no more to say.

Life is an inn, where all men bait;  
The waiter Time, the landlord Fate;  
Death is the score by all men due—  
I've paid my shot—and so must you.

TO MARY, ON PRESENTING HER WITH A MONTHLY ROSE.

For you I plucked the Rose, my dear,  
The emblem of yourself;  
It blossoms without any care,  
But sure the fairy elf  
Who watched it bud and bloom,  
Bespangled o'er with dew,  
Ne'er loved it half so well, my dear,  
As he who brought it you.

### EPIGRAMS.

Whilst different aims in different lights appear,  
What is the chiefest good?—A conscience clear.  
Since rolling ages in their course began,  
What has been man's worst woe?—His fellow man.  
Who's rich?—Who seeks not to increase his store.  
Who's poor?—Who having much yet longs for more.  
What is the brightest gem that decks a wife,  
And what her noblest dower?—A spotless life.  
What woman's chaste?—Of whom fame fears to lie,  
And tongue of scandal never once came nigh.  
What marks the wise?—When wronged for suffered ill,

To have the power to hurt, but want the will.  
What speaks the fool?—When hate and spleen devour,  
To have the will to hurt, but want the power.

### CAUSES OF RAIN.

There is a story in Germany, that when monks go abroad it is sure to rain. Frischlin says, that he heard a philosopher in Prague gravely attempt to account for the phenomenon, attributing it to the fumes of liquor easily escaping through the bald crowns, and becoming condensed by the cold of the atmosphere.

A BOSTON.—"Landlord," said Jonathan the other day, stepping up to the bar of a public house, "just give us a cent's worth of New England, and put it in two tumblers. Here Jim take hold, I'll pay—d—n the expenses, I say, when a fellow is on a bust!"

*Filial Account of one's Father's Attraction.*—Though my father was neither young, being 42; nor handsome having lost an eye; nor sober, for he spent all he could get in liquor; nor clean, for his trade was oily; nor without shackles, for he had five children; yet women of various descriptions courted his smiles, and were much inclined to pull caps for him.—*Hutton's Autobiography.*

*Knowledge and Ignorance.*—The man of knowledge lives eternally after his death, while his members are reduced to death beneath the tomb. But the ignorant man is dead, even while he walks upon the earth; he is numbered with living men and yet existeth not.—*Arabian Author.*

A man of uncommonly grotesque countenance, boasted of having received his infant heir's first smile. A friend observed, that it was not wonderful the child should only smile when no one else could look without laughter!

A candidate for medical honours, having thrown himself almost into a fever, from his incapacity for answering the questions, was asked by one of the professors, "how would you sweat a person for the rheumatism?" He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."—*Boston News.*

Some one remarking to Major O'D—that a mutual friend of theirs was looking as yellow as a guinea—"Is it a guinea he is looking like?" exclaimed the Major; "you should have seen the poor fellow in India; there he was looking as yellow as five guineas at least."

At a baker's at the west end of London, any lady or gentleman so disposed may step in and have, as we are informed by notice over the door, his or her "tarts baked here."

DEGREES OF DRUNKENNESS.—These, according to the author of the "Frolics of Puck," are five; "Fra fresh; secondly, *emphatic*; thirdly, *glorious*; fourthly, *uproarious*; and lastly, *inevitable*."

A horse slaughterer in London, lately made a horrible disclosure, and one calculated to produce a "sensation" among the board of epicures. Being asked why horses' tongues were never lately to be seen among the cats' meat hawked about the streets, he answered that they were "too valuable for that," as they were sold for reindeer's tongues, and under that name were eagerly sought for and purchased at a high price by the high livers of the metropolis.

There is a story told of the late Lord Mansfield, when Chief Justice of the King's Bench, that he has retorted, upon a council, who in a very marked and angry tone, told him that he entirely differed with him in law and opinion. His Lordship replied, "To be sure you do! I know that very well; you are paid to do so."

A western editor thus apologises for what he modestly deems some deficiencies in his paper:—"Want of time, and the tooth ache, have interfered very considerably with our editorial duties for the last two weeks. Our right to complain louder than our readers, is of course indisputable."

The following compliments were paid to old Sheridan, in Norfolk, England, by an Irish servant belonging to Mr. Coke, who attended him in his shooting excursion, and which old Sherry retold with great glee: Shot the first (the birds all getting away.) "Fore God, your honour, did you see one little gentleman drop his leg as he went off; he'll never stand on his tin toes again."—Shot the second (ditto, ditto.) "By the powers, there they go! But didn't your honour hear the shots rattle among them like *pass against a winder*? They'll pray to never see your honour again on this side of the country."—Shot the third (birds all off again.) "Blood and ooms! but they've caught it. (After watching them awhile.) There's three wounded any how, for they could not just get over yonder hedge! They'll get no sleep this blessed night!" Shot the fourth (a pheasant gets away.) Well, I never saw a poor gentleman taken to like him! He'll remember your honour, many a day to come! That spalpeen shall carry away more shot than would set up an ironmonger at Ballyshannon!—Shot the fifth (a snipe gets off.) "Crake, indeed! You may take your long bill in against this world! You'll wake to-morrow morning with a lumbago in your soft head!" Poor Sheridan could stand it no longer but gave his countryman a handsome fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

## A Ruse de Guerre.

Strategie as well as force is among all nations considered justifiable in war, but whether the conduct which is embraced in the anecdote which we are about to relate, should be considered strictly in accordance with the moral principles which ought to regulate the actions of men, we leave to casuists to decide.

During the early part of the last war with Great Britain, a small brig mounting about ten sixes, with a crew of forty or fifty men, sailed from New England as a Letter-of-Marque; with permission to cruise as a privateer for a certain length of time, and capture prizes from the enemy. While cruising in the latitude of the homeward-bound West Indianmen, the brig one morning fell in with a large ship, to which she gave chase, but the Captain, an "old sea dog," on reconnoitering her through his spy-glass, was satisfied that she mounted too many guns to contend with, with any prospect of success, and hauled off, much to the dissatisfaction of the crew, who attributed his conduct to want of spirit and courage. In fact, they were not backward in exhibiting their feelings, and the word *coward* was more than once bandied about the ship in the hearing of the Capt.

A few days afterwards the brig fell in with another vessel. Every stitch of canvass was spread, and just at night, the chase was made out to be a large West Indianman, apparently well armed and manned, and looking like an "ugly customer." "Now," said the Yankee Captain to his crew, "I wish you to listen, men, to what I am going to say. I heard some of you muttering something, not long since, about *cowards*,—and to oblige you, I will give you an opportunity of testing the courage of every man on board. You see that ship ahead. She is pierced for twenty-four guns, and probably carries sixteen at least, of heavy metal. That ship shall be my prize before two hours. So look out for squalls. If some of you don't lose the number of your mess I'm mistaken. But mind ye, no backing out. *COWARDS, HA!*"

The crew looked rather blank, at this pithy language, but dared not remonstrate. They were caught in their own toils, and resolved to fight it out like men.

Night came on, but they still kept sight of the Englishman. It was about half past eight in the evening, when they ranged up within hail, on the weather quarter of their more bulky antagonist, who had every man at quarters, evidently prepared for a brush, and with his high bulwarks, and numerous deck lanterns presented rather a formidable appearance. The Captain of the brig seized his speaking trumpet, and in a remonstrant manner hailed the stranger.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Hullo!"

"Heave to—and I'll send my boat on board."

"What brig is that pray?"

"The *United States Brig Argus!*"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

John Bull thought it would be madness to contend with the U. S. Brig Argus, which was well known to be a crack Sloop of War of twenty guns and accordingly backed his main top-sail, without further parry. The Yankees were thunderstruck at their Captain's impudence. But the quarter boat was lowered and officered and manned immediately in true man of war style.

The American officer ascended the gang-way of the English ship, with a "swab" on his shoulder. "What use is this?" said he in an authoritative tone as soon as he reached the deck.

The English ship, *Carnarvon Castle*, sir, from Barbadoes, bound to Bristol," returned the Englishman submissively.

"Then sir, you will please to step into the boat, with

your papers, and return with me on board the Argus. Mr. Simpson," said he to the Captain's clerk, who filled the post of a middy on this occasion, "I leave you with the men in charge of the ship! you will proceed to put the prisoners in irons ready to be transferred to the Argus."

When the British Captain arrived along-side the Argus, he was astonished at her diminutive size;—when he got on board, he saw at once that he had been duped; but it was then too late to remedy the evil.

"Sir," said he to the Yankee Captain, more in anger than in sorrow, "you told me this vessel was the *United States Brig Argus!*"

"And I told you the truth, sir. Her name is the Argus,—and she belongs to the *United States!*"

**A DANGEROUS SITUATION.**—When passing near the Riet river-gate, and while our oxen were grazing, Van Wyk, the colonist, related to us the following interesting circumstance; "It is now," he said, "more than two years since in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without near the house, busied in doing something to a wagon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, on enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may be well conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was escape seemed impossible, yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance I had set it in the corner close to the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive the opening was too small to admit of my having got in; and still more fortunate, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed, and invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth as sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground so that he never stirred more." Indeed, we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost; if the boy had moved he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him without, was impossible; while the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun would have betrayed him. So consummate the whole, the head of the creature was in some part protected by the door post.—*Naturalist's Library.*

**WOMEN.**—Women are formed for attachment.—Their gratitude is unimpeachable. Their love is an unceasing fountain of delight to the man who has once attained it, and knows how to deserve it. But that very keenness of sensibility which, if well cultivated, would prove the source of your highest enjoyment, may grow to bitterness and warmwood if you fail to attend to it or abate it.

[From the Nantucket Inquirer.]

## GRUMBLINGS.

"Clam exclaimate! be less clamorous, sirs!" *Link.*  
*Fidelius.*

"Fresh clams! fresh clams! who'll buy, who'll buy."

The world is in a stew—  
I wish that fellow's clamshells there  
Were *univocal*<sup>s</sup> by glue.  
Why, every animal that swims  
Is floundering on land—  
Scales grow upon your face and eyes,  
Fins fasten to your hand.

"Fresh halibut!" just hear that boy  
Yelling with *alto* lungs,  
As if they were of triple brass,  
Hinged to a thousand tongues.  
Ere day has dawned, my rest is broke,  
And if perchance I dream,  
Millions of clamorous mouths expand,  
And grin, and hiss, and scream.

"Tap! tap! it is the milkman's rap—  
I hear him at the door;  
He treads like some rhinoceros  
Walking about the floor.  
And there! his tin quart measure falls  
Upon those steps of stone,  
And grates like filing of a saw  
Upon your every bone.

'*Yar-char-foin*\* cod fish, fresh and corn'd,  
Mackerel and eels! who'll buy!"  
Oh! hear that long tongued fellow sing  
His everlasting cry!  
Dreams! dreams! oh Clarence look'd not down  
So deep into the sea,  
Nor say such monsters without heads,  
As lash their tails at me.

A minnow beckons to a whale  
To cool him while he boils  
And sharks turn up their crisped snouts  
And gape for roasting spoils.  
Huge porpoises there roll along  
Sea-serpents on their hams,  
For pickled salmon foraging,  
For chowder and for clams.

There shoals of herring tow along  
Big skeletons of whales  
And ever and anon they join  
Together all their tails.  
Then change into a mermaid fair,  
Who jigs it on the sea,  
And whistles to those skeletons  
To dance and have a spree.

"Fresh lobsters from the sea—who'll buy!"  
Zounds, how he howls and sings;  
When will the ocean yield its loads  
Of creeping, wriggling things?  
There's not a thing that crawls or swims,  
From whale to smaller fry,  
That is not thrust into my dreams—  
By Jonah! I shall die!

Oh mercy! let a single man  
Enjoy his blessed rest,  
Nor overwhelm his morning thoughts,  
Unquiet ones at best.  
I have no wife to scold or fret  
No brats to cry or tease;  
Then bawl and sing! but give me leave  
To grumble when I please.

\* The vernacular for "here's the fine," &c.

T'd rather be a hake and gasp  
And dangle from a line,  
And have my either end bit off  
Far down the bitter brine;  
Than thus my twilight visions fill'd  
With all that h— surrounds—(whew)  
"Ancient and fishlike" cries and groans,  
Uncerthly *tongues* and *sounds*.

## DISAPPOINTMENT OR THE BILLETDOUX.

Rat a tat, rat a tat, run, Lucy, run!  
What *can* that stupid girl be at?  
Why in the kitchen stay to chat?  
Hark! hark! again! the postman's rap!  
O, run! good Lucy, run!

Here's a pink letter, miss, for you!  
Post paid, dear heart! why how you blush!  
Cock'd-hat-like folded; (fashion new)—  
The seal two doves, that bill and coo—  
Well! hush, good Lucy, hush!

From Coronet Slender, of the Blues,  
No doubt!—its every fold breathes sweets;  
Dear charming youth—the muse he wooes—  
"Sophy, my darling, what's the news?"  
N-o-thing, pape; how my heart beats!

I tremble—gentle wax unclose—  
Goddess of nerves! support me still!  
'Tis open'd—(pa's so kind to doze!)  
Dear youth, I knew he would propose—  
What do I see?—*Miss Fitwell's bill!*

Was it for *this* my heart so beat?  
(With grief and rage I shall expire,)  
Instead of Love's own whispers sweet,  
A milliner's account to meet,  
That feeds no *fame* except the *fre*

Shameful! that *tradespeople* should write  
On *tinied* paper, sealed with doves;  
Sure *they* may keep to "black and white,"  
If these vile bills they *must* indite,  
And leave the GRACES to the LOVES!

From the Boston Morning Post.  
LOVE.

What is love? A sorry, sorry thing  
That predisposes young men to straight jackets:  
Ah! broken hearts—oh! broken heads they get,  
And then are shipped from home in India packets,  
The father whispers in the captain's ear,  
'Mind that you keep him sea-sick," list, young masters!  
'And when the rogue's on deck, please ship a sea,  
I'll pay for all *gratuitous* disasters."

Daughters of Eve! the fairest and the best  
Of living things, fall not in love—because it's  
The reason why you sew so bad sometimes,  
And prompts ma'ma to lock you up in closets.  
It generates romance and then you stroll  
Away at eve to perpetrate sweet sonnets;  
If clouds arise you heed them not; oh, no—  
Till 'tis too late, then follow—ruined bonnets.

Byron and I you'll say are very wrong  
To cry the bow-boy down, for all the poets  
Wear out their goose quills, and their *elbows* too,  
In penning odes and heaven knows what, to show  
All *sal de ral* for folks to try to teach us  
That lovers an't sound, reasonable creatures.

Think as you list; but when you're *capud* *woof*;  
That is, have reached the *father side* of fifty,  
I'll lay a wager that you cry—"all sham."  
And "Tom Moore ought not write such *stuff*—  
he!"





ALI BEY EL ABBASSI

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